

# COUNTRY LIFE

## ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo, by LAFAYETTE,

LADY BEATRIX FITZMAURICE.

179, New Bond Street.

## SHEARERS AND SHORN.

THE "humble and innocent" sheep has been the cause of more foreign wars and domestic disturbances, felonies, executions, smuggling, and general unpleasantness than any other quadruped in our island.

We began the hundred years' war with France to keep our wool trade, and when, in the days of the Tudors, it did not pay to grow corn, we turned off the labourer and put the sheep in his place. "He hath eaten up whole villages," said an old writer of this voracious animal, for where the labourers used to live by tilling the land for corn, there was no one left but the shepherd, and his dog. Later we hung people for sheep stealing, and imprisoned them for smuggling wool. As late as the end of the last century the poor sheep was the indirect cause of a frightful double murder in Sussex. Two men who had informed on the wool smugglers were tied to horses, dragged along the ground to one of the smugglers' houses, and then beaten to death and their bodies thrown into a well.

This is the dark side of the history of the sheep. The more recent story of English flocks and flock owners is a brighter one. The sheep no longer has that close relation to the domestic life of the farm which it had when part of the wool was kept at home to make into garments. All the black lambs' fleeces were the perquisite of the farmer's wife. Now all the wool is sold in the fleece, and goes to Yorkshire to be spun into yarn. But shearing-time is still by tradition and practice a farmers' festival.

In the great sheep districts skilful shearers form a band, and go from farm to farm clipping the flocks. The "company of the shearers" probably carry on their business to-day much as they did in the days of David, when Nabal "did shear his sheep" in Mount Carmel. Like Nabal's shearers, the men expect an evening feast after the day's labour. This is only fair, for shearing is hard work. The sheep must be held motionless, and the wool clipped close to avoid waste. The first cut is made along the throat and belly of the fleece. Then, if the sheep is destined for a show, the shearer shows his skill in fancy clipping. Some cut the fleece in diamonds and leave little tufts of wool on the withers as a sample for purchasers to judge by. The work is usually carried on in a big barn. Thither the sheep are hauled in from the yard outside, while the shorn ones



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A SCOTCH SHEARING.

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are allowed to gallop off out of the opposite door. All round the barn sit the shearers, each holding his sheep, and the twinkling shears separate the fleece from the skin so deftly that it seems to come off like wet blotting-paper. The most striking part of the business to the outsider is the metamorphosis in form which the sheep undergoes as the thick wool is stripped from it. There is almost as much difference between the shorn and the unshorn as there is between the former and the carcasses of mutton in the butchers' shops. But the scene is highly picturesque. The men are all clothed in white smocks, and the entire floor, and part of the walls and straw heaps in the barn, are covered with the white, soft, snowy wool of new-shorn fleeces, "clean side uppermost."

The crest of the City of Leeds is a sheep slung by the middle, as an emblem of the wool trade, which used to have for its local centre the bridge over the River Aire, where the wool market was held. The Yorkshiremen call this emblem the "Tup-i' Trouble," and he certainly looks most uncomfortable. In Berkshire there is a record of six sheep having been shorn in the Vale of the White Horse, their fleeces taken to Newbury, and there spun, woven, and made into a coat in twenty-four hours.

Scotch shearers work in a different and rather more modern fashion. If the weather be fine they prefer to be in the open, and the sheep are shorn, not on the ground, but on triangular trestles. The man sits at the sharp end of the triangle, and the sheep is laid on the broader platform in front of him, its actual resting place being on a thickness of two or three sacks thrown over the frame of the trestles.

These Cheviot sheep are a long-woolled breed, and the fleece, as it is sheared, quite hides the shape of the animals. In the first illustration the girl and man in the foreground are rolling up fleeces before putting them in the "wool-pack." The kettle on the fire contains hot tar for re-marking the flock.

MARKING THE SHORN is the next process. The clean white sheep, now smooth and shorn, is held down by one of the young shearers, and an iron marker with the owner's initials on it is dipped in hot tar and stamped on its back. This is not a red-hot iron. But please observe the expression of dreadful curiosity on the face of the small boy who is looking on, open-mouthed, from his perch on the rail.

C. J. CORNISH.



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MARKING THE SHORN.

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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

\* \* The photograph of the Toy Bull-terrier, "Jimmy," a reproduction of which appears on p. 44 in the present issue, was taken at Harrod's Stores Studio, Brompton Road, S.W.; that of the Borzoi, "Opromiot," by Mr. Francis Chinn, of 17, Avondale Road, Denmark Park, S.E.

## COUNTRY NOTES.

DURING the past week the weather has been very fine and very hot, just such weather as might be expected during a fine July. Carefully-compiled statistics show that for many years past the hottest week, on average, has been from the 14th to the 20th July inclusive, and as far as can be judged from present indications 1897 is not likely to prove an exception in this respect. The hot days notwithstanding,

there has been on one or two nights an unusual fall in temperature after sundown, and we do not seem to have quite finished with the cold nights for which this season has been so especially remarkable.

According to all accounts, the present season has been a phenomenal one for strawberries. From Sandwich Station alone in one week no less than one hundred tons were despatched to the metropolitan and northern markets, but reports on the prospects of other fruits are most discouraging. The cold and storms of May have done so much damage that apples, pears, and stone fruit promise to be very scarce and dear this autumn. With a continuance of fine weather the corn crops are making up for lost time, and although the harvest will probably be late, it is likely to be a fairly satisfactory one.

The Lord Mayor's Fund for the relief of the distress caused by the recent tornado in Essex is progressing satisfactorily, and the generous donation from Her Majesty the Queen will doubtless have the effect of calling the attention of many to the very deserving character of the appeal for funds to assist the victims of the calamity. The ruin wrought, however, is so complete and so widely spread that to be of any use in so large a district a very considerable sum of money will be required; and now that the full extent of the disaster is more apparent, it is evident that the needs of the storm-swept neighbourhood are even greater than was at first supposed.

Surely we are rather in need of a new kind of croquet. Several of us middle-aged people ("of the same age as everybody else," as the phrase goes) have been delighted to hear that our old familiar friend, croquet, is coming in again to have its innings. We had been afraid that it had been driven out by the more violent joys of lawn tennis, and when the good news of its revival was told us we began to attend garden parties with an added zest. But what did we find? Instead of the nice friendly middle-aged game that we used to know, when a set could be played in an hour or so on a small portion of lawn, we now find a game in which the hoops are at telescopic distance one from another—we had imagined them at first the flags of a golf course. This we were told was croquet. In practice it took an ordinary four of fairly skilful players about an hour and a-half to play a set, and they all seemed much exhausted, and considerably aged, by the process. "Certainly," we said to ourselves, "this is no game for us; this is not our old chatty, cheery friend." The new game, we are told, is croquet—modern croquet, scientific croquet. Very good! The answer is that we do not want modern croquet—scientific croquet—at a garden party. It makes too great demands both on time and space, to say nothing of temper.

There are few lawns at the ordinary country house capable of accommodating it; there are few guests at the ordinary garden party capable of enduring it; and if a set of four once gets possession of the ground there is no chance of anyone else getting a game in that court and in that afternoon. Of course, we shall be told by the modern scientific player of the new croquet that the old game is "not croquet" at all, bearing the same analogy to real croquet that bumblepuppy bears to whist. That may be so, but the fact of the matter is that for the ordinary guest at the ordinary garden party bumblepuppy is a far better game than whist. We would let our scientific friends have their croquet with the greatest pleasure, if only they would leave us a little corner of the lawn where we might have our bumblepuppy in peace.

Private aquariums, so popular fifty years ago, are once more becoming fashionable. We recently saw a large glass and metal tank for keeping ornamental fish indoors in a London house, which had been ordered by the Duchess of Bedford, and quite a revival is taking place in aquarium manufacture and fittings. The art of keeping fish and water creatures in good health is now better understood than it was fifty years ago, when Leech depicted "Tommy" spinning his humming-top on the glass slab which covered his sister's aquarium. The water is brought in from below, and rushes up in an invigorating jet, well oxydised. This helps the growth of water plants, which are necessary to the health of the aquarium, and also add to its beauty, and enable not only mature fish, but the small and delicate creatures newly hatched from the egg, to be kept and observed. London water is, however, not well suited for aquariums. It is too hard, and in spite of what its detractors assert, does not readily breed the animalculæ, which are the best food for young fish.

A fortune made out of gold-fish seems an impossibility, but this curious commercial success has recently been achieved. Several years ago a quite poor Italian came over to England and took up his quarters in a cellar in Soho. Gold-fish were then

rather costly in this country. The Italian came from a village in Italy where one or two peasants had begun to rear gold-fish in ponds. He wrote to his friends at home and received a tank of the fish to sell, as a joint venture. The profits made encouraged them to send more, and the demand in this country kept pace with the supply. The friends in Italy dug more ponds, and reared the fish, not by hundreds, but by thousands, while the originator of the English branch of the business increased his connection here. In time the price fell greatly, but the demand was so large that the gold-fish ponds covered acres of ground. The fish were sold in the streets, not only of London, but of Manchester, Liverpool, and the big towns of the North. Twenty thousand gold-fish arrived in one month, and were all sold. The clever Italian has now retired, and bought a "castle" near his native village, where he is now buying up all the gold-fish ponds owned by his neighbours.

The death of Lord Hindlip, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven, concerns the Turf world to some extent. His lordship, who was the second baron, was owner of Limasol, the winner of the Oaks this year. Lord Hindlip had not long taken to racing; in fact, his colours were only registered as lately as 1889, and it was not until two years later that he took any active part in the pursuit. The first animal to carry his colours to victory was a filly named Jeanne, but fortune did not smile on him at first. He won some races last year with Powick and Brechin, but it was not until the present season that he won a race of any importance.

Another link with the past history of the Turf was broken when honest old Petronel breathed his last at the Cobham Stud last week. He was the best and handsomest of all the Musket horses bred in this country, and, in fact, until the recent influx of that blood from Australia, the only high-class representative of Touchstone, through that line. He won the Two Thousand Guineas for the Duke of Beaufort in 1880, beating the Duke of Westminster's Muncaster by a head, and he afterwards developed into a rare good stayer, as he was almost bound to do from his breeding. He was a really beautiful horse, a grand combination of power and quality, and as he was being paraded in the sale paddock at Cobham, last month, the very picture of health and spirits, with his black coat shining like satin in the sun, it was the general opinion that never was a handsomer sire seen, or one who bore his twenty years more lightly. His best sons up to now have been the useful Son of a Gun, and the staying Ragimunde, who won the Cesarewitch in 1891, but he has recently been mated with some good mares at Cobham, and it is more than likely that there will be some good horses in the next few years to keep his memory green.

How few cricketers have done themselves justice in their first 'Varsity match! Success at Lord's does not seem to come unless bought by bitter experience. Relying on this peculiarity of the ground and match, the success of Cambridge was prophesied with some confidence in these columns. Almost all the old hands on both sides came off, quite independently of their relative merit as cricketers to the less experienced members of the teams. On the Oxford side this was most striking, three of the four old choices—Bardswell, Cunliffe, and Hartley—being top scorers, though all three originally got into the team as bowlers. Cunliffe quite justified the fine things that have been said of him as a bowler. His length and pace and break-back and easy action are conspicuous even among left-handed bowlers, and should prove very valuable qualities to Middlesex, who have been vainly seeking such a combination for years.

To an Oxford man it was especially irritating that Champain should fail so signally at Lord's, and immediately after score over 80 runs against all the best professional bowling in England. But such is cricket! Many were equally disappointed that Druce should have let go by his last chance of making a century against Oxford. Just before the match his average was over 70, and his first innings afterwards reached 163, made in the marvellously short time of an hour and forty minutes. His career this season would give the impression that he is almost the best bat in England, though it is true that the Cambridge programme of matches included a good deal of cricket that did not merit the title of first class. If he is induced to play for Surrey his performances will be watched with much interest.

It really appears as if the many letters that have in the last few years appeared on the subject of the neglect of bowling at the public schools, were beginning to take effect. Amateur bowlers of something very like first-class form abound. The 'Varsities have, perhaps, never possessed so much talent, and of the many, Cunliffe, Jessop, and Wilson are good enough for any company. Though possibly not the best of the three, Wilson's figures are extraordinary. He is at the head of the

bowling averages, and in the last match against Liverpool and District accomplished an almost unprecedented performance. In the first innings, which realised just under 400 runs, he took five wickets for 37, though he bowled more overs than any other member of the side. Such steadiness would be the envy of the best professional bowler in existence. He also followed this up by taking eight wickets in the second innings for 61. With him as captain, the prospects of the Cambridge eleven for next year will look as rosy as ever.

The published list of averages is eloquent of the strength of amateur cricket. Among the bowlers six of the first ten come from Oxford and Cambridge! Was ever such a state of things known? Their names—Stocks, Wilson, Jessop, Cunliffe, De Zoete, and Shine—ought really to be put on record. In batting, though superiority here is more normal, the average is still better, seven of the first nine being amateurs, with J. A. Dixon at the top, and Druce, whose innings against Liverpool is not allowed to count as first class, second with an average of 66. It was a pity that he found himself unable to accept the invitation to play for the Gentlemen at Lord's.

It is pleasant to see that the Philadelphians are really paying themselves into what it is to be hoped is their true form. King has given yet another fine bowling performance, which, together with sound batting all down the team, proved too much for Warwickshire. Then, undeterred by its unbeaten career, they managed to run up their biggest score against the formidable Nottinghamshire, Wood scoring a century by very stylish cricket. Fortune has begun to favour the brave, for it certainly looked, on the face of it, a most plucky undertaking for the team to face the pick of our counties. But they have already met with enough success to make the trip pleasant and to justify their boldness.

None of the county matches of the week have produced much excitement, except the encounter of Notts and Sussex. Thanks to the patient steadiness, or, perhaps, better, the inveterate "stone-walling" of their batsmen, Nottinghamshire are as yet undefeated, having drawn almost every match they have played. By these glorious accomplishments they stand at the head of the championship table, until such time as they suffer defeat. But such defeat does not come. Sussex had a good chance of being the first to lower their colours, as they only required 225 in a last innings, but Guttridge and the still effective veteran Attewell bowled so well that the match was finished, and in favour of Notts. The other runners-up for the championship, Yorkshire and Lancashire, both won their matches easily, as was expected, though for the latter county Tyldesley created something of a sensation by scoring a century in each innings, and thus gave that ever vigilant crew, the statisticians, their chance of parading details of similar feats previously accomplished.

There was a time when each Gentlemen and Players' match aroused a considerable amount of enthusiasm. It was something of an honour to be selected for either team, and one said with an air of respectful reverence of such an one that he had "played for the Gentlemen." But now, thanks to the adventitious keenness in the race for the championship, it is common to hear that a county refuses to let a player off—and the refusal gets no adverse comment. It is to be hoped that the dignity of the match does not again fall so low as it did last week at the Oval. The team playing for the Gentlemen had no pretensions to be representative. Indeed, it was only by vigorous telegraphing that the team was completed at all. There were, of course, some fine bats on the side, but the bowling was so pitifully weak that the Players practically did what they liked with it. There were no less than four of the Gloucestershire team playing, of whom W. G. Grace took most wickets, and Champain made top score.

It is difficult to see why the Oval match should have been allowed to degenerate into a farce, when it was found possible to make the corresponding match at Lord's so thoroughly representative. The strength of the two sides drew a goodly crowd to Lord's, and they saw some very fine cricket. Years ago, when the match was first started, it was customary for the Gentlemen to borrow a bowler or two from the professional ranks, but this has long been unnecessary, and this year the bowling strength of the Gentlemen was quite imposing. Unfortunately, however, Bull, who has performed so finely for Essex, was quite out of form, and Gunn—even Gunn!—made 19 off one over. Jessop and Cunliffe are to be congratulated on their places. The latter bowled excellently, though not luckily, but it was no small feat to bowl Gunn and Baker clean when both were well set. Grace as usual got his two or three wickets, one, of course, lbw. His snare, though proverbial, still claims its percentage of victims.



There is no scene, unless it be the stretch of the Thames at Henley between the races, quite so full of colour as Lord's in the intervals of the Eton and Harrow match. The prospect was this year, if anything, more kaleidoscopic than ever, and younger sisters, explanatory brothers, and indifferent elders did not fall below their reputation. But for those who could keep their eyes on the business of the days, there was a sameness and a similarity with past years that was not equally pleasing. For the fourth year the match was left drawn, and a draw is always unsatisfactory, whether it spoils a good finish, or robs one side of certain victory. Harrow were undoubtedly much the better team all round, though perhaps Pilkington was the best bat on either side. They were partly to blame, no doubt, in not declaring earlier in the day, for with such a steady bowler as Dowson on the side, they could safely have given Eton another twenty minutes' batting. From a spectator's view, however, the end of the Harrow innings was most stimulating. Cole after passing his hundred hit at everything, and Robertson made 16 by fine drives off his last over. Both batsmen were also out, in the most artistic manner, to catches in the long field, the means of dismissal which affords, of all others, the most magnificent opportunity for the exercise of schoolboy lungs. The Eton innings was correspondingly slow. Playing only for the draw, they took no liberties, content to spend nearly four dreary hours in keeping up their wickets. It was the game, of course, in spite of many ironical cheers, but a duller exhibition it were impossible to find under guise of a pastime.

The draws for Henley have, on the whole, been a little unfortunate, and have entailed a good deal of fratricidal slaughter. The Oxford boats were particularly unfortunate in coming across their own brethren, but it is to be hoped that the surviving crews will last long enough to meet some Cambridge rivals. One piece of good fortune there was in the luck of the two school crews, Eton and Radley, meeting each other in the first round. Radley are, of course, too few in number to compete as a rule with Eton, but they have turned out a number of fine oarsmen, and are near enough to Oxford to absorb a good deal of the style that prevails. The Ladies' Plate always produces good racing, and this year is no exception. Emmanuel, Christ Church, Trinity Oxford, and King's College showed themselves in practice a very even quartet, and there was little to choose between the three school crews, though Bedford created a great sensation by defeating a Grand Challenge Cup eight over half the course. The Diamond Sculls had the best entry yet recorded, and, which is unusual in this race, the prophets were quite undecided about the ultimate winner, though Ten Eyck, perhaps, started as favourite.

Rowing men from the tidal waters will have little rest after their Henley exertions, as on Monday the Metropolitan Regatta will be held between Putney and Hammersmith. This fixture dates from 1866, and associated with it is a very valuable collection of challenge trophies. It has not, of course, the picnic attractions of up river meetings, and spectators are comparatively few, but after Henley, a Putney oarsman's ambition turns to the "Met.," and there is always much keen racing to be witnessed there. The London Rowing Club have the management of the meeting, and their sporting rivalry with the Thames R.C. is generally the chief feature of the regatta. London appear to have the better chance in the principal events this season, but in some of the races the smaller clubs should certainly have a look in, and it would not be a surprise to see the Kensington R.C. show up prominently.

On Thursday next, Staines Regatta will be held, and, judging from the support given to last year's meeting, this season's fixture, although a mid-week one, will also prove attractive to rowing men. The regatta is well managed, backed by the energetic young Staines R.C., and the prizes are well worth winning. On Saturday comes Molesey Regatta, always a brilliant function, second only to Henley from a social point of view. It is popular, too, with racing men, although the course is, to say the least, an indifferent one. Here, too, there is the substantial assistance of a local amateur boat club, of which the famous 'Varsity oarsman, Mr. C. W. Kent, is the moving spirit. Altogether, rowing men will have a very busy time next week.

Grouse prospects in Yorkshire have considerably improved since the advent of warm weather, and it is hoped that even on those moors where disease was most prevalent fair bags will be obtained. The young birds are very strong on the wing, and apparently healthy, whilst the natural food supply has greatly improved of late, the heather now looking much better. The moors which have suffered most are those that were heavily stocked and where the food supply was deficient. The late frosts and cold weather had a most injurious effect on the heather, and birds consequently suffered. The nesting season was

favourable, and in nearly every case all the eggs hatched off, the young broods numbering up to nine and ten. Very few dead birds are now seen, and it is believed that the disease is rapidly subsiding, so that good bags on the Twelfth are confidently expected.

Partridges have done fairly well, although the late spring and scanty vegetation were the cause of a very large percentage of the first laid eggs being destroyed by rooks and vermin. In a late dry spring rooks are most destructive, consequently the second batch of eggs are later in being hatched out, and frequently a good many nests and sitting birds are destroyed by the mowing machines in the meadows. Barren birds are scarce, and the coveys are plentiful, although smaller than usual in many places. The absence of heavy rains has proved beneficial, and now all danger to the young broods is practically over; and although record bags will not be made, still an average season will probably result. The harvest will be late and birds difficult of approach when the season opens. Pheasants, both wild and hand-reared, have, as a rule, done well, and on some of the large preserves where several thousand young birds are annually reared, it has been a record season, very few young birds dying from disease. The sudden changes of temperature do not appear to have affected the young "poult" injuriously, and those who are fortunate enough to participate in covert shooting are to be congratulated on the excellent prospects of sport. Hares are scarce, but rabbits are very numerous owing to a favourable breeding season following a mild winter.

An opportunity occurred to the writer lately of studying the methods of one of the exponents of the divining rod—the special problem to be solved being the location of water on an estate in Wales. The diviner was not one whose outer man revealed any likelihood of containing a hypersensitive nervous system. Bucolic is the epithet that would indicate his appearance best; but he stumped about with his bit of forked hazel, quite as if he meant serious business. The rod was stolidly unaffected in what appeared to the uninitiated to be the likely places—such as boggy stream-beds, where we would have looked for a snipe in winter. Here it said nothing. But at length, on the top of the bare scalp of a stony hill, least likely spot in all the country-side, there at length the rod began its antics, twisting downwards in a way that certainly did not seem to be controlled by the man's strong hands, pointing down to water, at a depth, said the diviner, of some sixty feet.

This was good hearing, especially as it was at no very severe depth; but when we, who were not of the initiated, took hold of the divining rod, its divinations were mutely still. It had nothing to tell us. We asked the professional how he felt when there was water beneath him; but "Story, God bless you!" he had very little to tell us—said that he "felt it in his feet." "What is the good of the divining rod?" was the natural sequence of question; to which the sufficient answer came that without the rod he would not have this feeling in the feet. The rod, it has been said, declined to give manifestations in the uninitiated hand; but when we—exoteric disciples—laid our hands on the small balance of the rod on either side that the manipulator's beefy hands did not cover, then we felt the rod to be apparently affected in some way not altogether canny. Certainly the movement did not seem to come from the strong hands beside ours. Surely, was our conclusion, there must be something in this divining rod business.

Singularly enough that was just about the conclusion to which the *dénouement* of the drama pointed, for the proprietor, or tenant, manifested just so much faith in the rod as to dig down the sixty feet; and there, in fact, he did find a stream of water, though an insufficient one, and less in quantity than the diviner had divined. But there was water there, in what had seemed an unlikely place, so that the oracle was as well justified as most of its kind; and the question still remains open whether deeper digging would have found water in greater plenty. The proprietor dug sixty feet, but he would not dig deeper on the chance of finding more. And that is worth taking notice of, because it is just an illustration of the attitude of mind of almost everyone who has seen anything of the working of the divining rod. They all confess that there "seems to be something in it"—with a sort of shame-faced sense that they are making a puerile confession, as of a grown man who confesses to a belief in ghosts—but they are not convinced how much there may be in it. They have just about enough faith to induce them to dig down sixty feet, but it does not go much deeper. Certainly 120ft. would choke them off. Perhaps they never dig deep enough to reach the actual truth which is proverbially buried profoundly in water. Of course it is only running water that the divining rod recognises, and that the diviner feels in his sensitive feet; but it is only running water that anyone is likely to care to find.

HIPPIAS.

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

LADY BEATRIX FITZMAURICE, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, is the younger daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne. Her engagement to the Marquis of Waterford, who is two years older than her ladyship, was announced a short time since, and the handsome young couple seem to have everything in favour of a long and happy life together. Lady Beatrix inherits the good looks of her mother's family, known as "the handsome Hamiltons" in the north of Ireland, where the Duke of Abercorn's family seat is. Her elder sister, Lady Evelyn, is married to Mr. Victor Cavendish, who is heir-presumptive to the Duke of Devonshire. Neither of her brothers is married, but they are as yet quite young, the Earl of Kerry being but twenty-five. The Lansdowne family traces back its origin to a common ancestor of that house and the Dukes of Leinster. Lansdowne House, occupying the whole of the south side of Berkeley Square, is one of London's show mansions, and is surrounded by gardens and fine old trees, presenting more the aspect of a country residence than one in the very heart of the West End. The young bride will gain two charming sisters-in-law—Ladies Susan and Clodagh de la Poer Beresford—and the family she is about to enter is closely connected with those of the Duke of Beaufort and Marchioness of Londonderry.

## PETERBOROUGH HOUND SHOW.

AMONGST the happy memories of the hunting man must be reckoned those in connection with the Peterborough Hound Show. But why should I say Peterborough only, for in Yorkshire there were some merry meetings, and my memory goes back to those meetings in Cleveland when Hardwick, and Friendly, and young squire Hill of Thornton's Bonnybell were the admired of all who looked on whilst the judging proceeded. They were a merry set of fellows in those days who wore the scarlet uniform which gladdens the heart of every man worth his salt. Amongst them were Tom Sebright and Charles Treadwell, Will Channing, Martin Care and Ben Morgan, Fred Turpin and Jack Parker, and quaintest and most picturesque of huntsmen, Bruce, from Haydon Bridge, whose pink was pink no longer, but a good rich mulberry colour, and who informed Mr. Parrington that "it had been a guid coat, for he had worn it sixteen year afore it were tórned." Such hounds as Bruce showed are never seen on the show benches nowadays, but they were good ones to go in their wild country, and old Bruce swore by them. "They'd teer doon a fox," said he, "lang afore some o' thae grand bred uns wad hae fun' him." But the grand bred ones could give a good account of themselves, as many a man could have told, amongst the rest Charles Treadwell and Fred Turpin. The latter in those days was with Mr. Anstruther Thomson, whom I was glad to see at Peterborough hale and hearty and as keenly critical as ever of that beautiful animal, the highly-bred foxhound. But few of those whom I remember as attending the early hound shows were at Peterborough. Lord Macclesfield and Mr. George Lane Fox, who were at one time always to be found at the ringside, have joined the great majority but recently, and of the huntsmen whom I knew thirty-seven years ago I did not see one. Mr. Parrington, too, was unavoidably absent, it being one of the few times he has missed the Hound Show since he inaugurated it so successfully in 1859. But there was a goodly muster of hunting men present, taking a keen interest in the proceedings from the time that Mr. Preston and Mr. Rigden commenced with one of the strongest classes I ever remember seeing in the show ring till Sir Herbert Langham and Mr. T. B. Miller finished, at a late hour in the afternoon.

There were fifteen entries in the class for the best couple of unentered dog-hounds, out of an original entry of nineteen, and they took some judging. Lord Fitzwilliam was an exhibitor in this and other classes for the first time for eleven years, and a smart lot they were that Bartlett brought with him. Some thought them rather heavy fleshed and too full of condition, but that is not much of a fault at this time of the year, and I fancy that there is more muscle and bone about Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds than generally prevails nowadays. Therefore they are invaluable, for there is no getting away from the fact that there is a tendency in the modern foxhound to get a little on the light side as regards bone. But to proceed to the class the prizes in which went to Mr. Mackenzie's Spartan and Dexter, level and well-balanced hounds that look like galloping, and the Warwickshire Turncoat and Tuscan, whom the critics thought did not "finish" quite so well as they might, but who had the best of legs and feet, as indeed well they might, with the blood of Brocklesby Tapster and Bramham Moor Hospodar in their veins. Warwickshire Tuscan won the special for the best dog in the class, but though I do not question the judgment, I think there was a hound behind him that will be heard of after to-day in Lord Fitzwilliam's Rubicon, whose fine Milton character, size, and bone should make him an invaluable sire.

The class for entered dog-hounds found the Warwickshire to the front, and the Pytchley second. Many preferred the latter, and they certainly seemed more level and sorty. But there was no getting away from the Warwickshire Tancred, as fine a specimen of the foxhound as I have seen for many a day. His brother Tarquin, too, is a very good hound, but I thought Trouncer lacked finish, and though he has good shoulders and neck, and is full of quality, he might have had more bone and been better on his ribs. The Pytchley lot, all of them with the blood of that fine hound Paradox in their veins, showed plenty of substance and quality. Tancred was the winner in the class for the best stallion hound, with a powerful hound with nice quality and good legs and feet in the Atherstone Galloper, a son of Oakley Dancer, second. The Warwickshire won the special prize for the best three couples of dog-hounds of any age, and the cup, given by the wish of the late Mr. H. C. Chaworth Musters, of the 3rd Hussars, for the best dog-hound, went to the Warwickshire Tancred.

The class for unentered bitches was scarcely so heavy as the corresponding class for dog-hounds, but the quality was excellent and the struggle a close one. The Warwickshire won with a couple of fine young hounds in Sentiment and Serious, the Morpeth being second with Wonderful and Pickle, the latter a handsome daughter of Bljvoir Pirate, that, in the opinion of many good judges,

ran the Warwickshire Sentiment close for the special prize for the best hound in the class. One of the best classes in the show was that for the best two couples of entered bitches. There were nine entries, and all of them to the fore, and what a foundation for a pack was that when the judges got them sorted down to the Cheshire, the Oakley, Mr. Mackenzie's, and the Warwickshire. The latter were out of it this time, Mr. Mackenzie winning with a sorry lot that looked like catching an afternoon fox. The Cheshire were second, but the Oakley ran them close, and had many admirers, as well they might with such a hound as Dahlia amongst them. In the brood bitch class the Warwickshire were rather an easy first and second with two beautiful young hounds in Needful and Seamstress, hounds that show quality and substance, and that look like breeding others to keep up the high reputation of their pack. The Warwickshire also won the cup for the best three couples of bitches of any age, but in the championship they were beaten, for there was nothing equal to the Oakley Dahlia, one of the best-looking hounds of her sex that has ever entered a show-yard. This is the second year she has won the Champion Cup for the best of her sex, and I should not have omitted to say that Tancred was the champion dog-hound for the second year in succession.

There was one more class to judge—a class which should grow in popularity with masters of hounds and their huntsmen. It was for hounds from packs that have never won a first prize at Peterborough, and three equal premiums were given. One of these went to Lord Fitzwilliam's Rubicon, who well deserved it, another to the Puckeridge Driver, a hound with nice quality and style, and the remaining one to Mr. Burdon Sanderson's Fifer, a fine young foxhound, and if he is a specimen of the hounds Mr. Sanderson has to hunt his wild country and from the others that were shown from the same kennel he seemed to be, he is one of the greatest proofs we can have of the benefit which the shows have done to hound breeding.

And so ended the Peterborough show of 1897. The plan of having two sets of judges answered admirably; indeed, it has long been manifest that it was too heavy a day's work for one set. The gentlemen who officiated went to work in workmanlike fashion. They got through it expeditiously when the heavy classes and keen competition are taken into consideration, and their decisions gave general satisfaction. Peterborough forms a pleasant change from the racing and cricket matches and other sports which occupy the time in the summer months, and as we caught a last look of our scarlet clad friends and their favourites as they wended their way to the station, there was the very pleasant reflection that for those of us who do not mind rising at dawn in a righteous cause but a very few weeks will pass before we shall see them at work in earnest.

RED ROVER.

## LAST WEEK'S POLO.

THERE was a large and representative company at Hurlingham on Saturday last to see the final tie for the County Cup played off between the Rugby A and B teams. The former consisted of Captain Neilson, Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. Frank Mackay, and Captain Renton (back); the B team being made up of the Comte de Madre, Mr. F. Freake, Captain Mackenzie, and Mr. J. Dryborough (back). This was a fast game all through, both sides playing up well, though the A's always had the best of it, and at half-time were leading by 3 goals to 2. Renton was playing in his usual brilliant form, whilst Shrewsbury and Mackay were playing a good forward game. Their opponents' back, however, was also in great form, and their No. 1 was indefatigable in clearing the way for his No. 2. In the second half of the match the A team's ponies lasted better than the others, and at the call of time they had scored two more goals to their opponents' one, the total being, A team 5 goals, B team 3.

At the same time a very fast and exciting match was being played at Ranelagh between the Subalterns of the Inniskillings and Blues, for the final tie of the Subalterns' Inter-Regimental Polo Challenge Cup. The previous ties had been played off during the week as follows: On Monday the Blues, a very fast, well-mounted team, beat the Scots Greys easily by 9 goals to love; and the 15th Hussars beat the Gunners by 5 goals to 1. On Tuesday the Inniskilling Dragoons, the same team which had won the Inter-Regimental Tournament, except Holland, who took the place of Major Rimington, beat the 12th Lancers after a good game. On Wednesday the Royal Horse Guards met and defeated the 15th Hussars, and the Inniskillings easily disposed of the 2nd Life Guards by 11 goals to 2. On Thursday the Blues played the 17th Lancers, and scored 4 goals to the Lancers' 1; and on Saturday the final came off between them and the Inniskillings, the two teams being made up as follows:—The Blues: Messrs. Marjoribanks, R. Ward, Rose, and Drage (back). The Inniskillings: Messrs. Fryer, Ansell, Haig, and Holland (back).

As usual, the Dragoons began slowly, and were soon one goal to the bad. In the second period the Blues kept on pressing, and soon added another goal to their score. The Inniskillings now pulled themselves together and made a point, after a fine run by Haig, and then their opponents, who were playing beautifully together, made a great combined attack, which resulted in Ward hitting a third goal for his side. The Dragoons now made great efforts to get on terms, Haig being especially conspicuous, and after a long scrimmage in front of the Blues' goal, they scored again. Once more they attacked vigorously, and had not Ward cleverly saved the situation, would have scored again. At the end of this period there was some fine play for the ball between Ward and Haig, the latter getting the best of it, and Holland made some fine strokes, which carried the game into the Blues' territory again. In the next period the Horse Guards' forwards were very busy, and after missing one easy goal, they soon scored their fourth point; and then again, breaking down the Dragoons' defence, they added yet another to their score. The Inniskillings now redoubled their efforts, whilst the Blues were still well together and passing beautifully, Ward, riding The Nurse, being particularly conspicuous. Messrs. Fryer and Ansell, however, would not be denied—the former was riding Spitfire, and the latter a grey—and after a good run, Ansell hit a goal. The score now stood as follows:—Horse Guards, 5 goals, Inniskillings, 3; and as the ponies of the latter team were getting played out, and the Blues played their best during the final period, it was evident that the last named would hold their advantage to the end. This they did, though the Dragoons played up well, and the game was very even to the end. Rose on Orangeman, and Ward riding Black Bella, tried very hard to add to their score, whilst Haig worked equally hard to turn defeat into victory, and Ansell, riding Ben Bolt, narrowly missed scoring more than once. In fact, his side were very unlucky once, the ball actually hitting one of the Blues' goal-posts, and bounding back. However, neither side succeeded in adding to their score, and when the bell rang, the Blues were all 5 goals to the Inniskillings' 3.

OUTPOST.



## POLO PONY AND HORSE SHOW AT RANELAGH.

RANELAGH has been "going very strong" this summer, and there have been few Saturdays on which there has not been something worth seeing, and a large gathering of members and their friends to see it. Especially was this the case on the first Saturday in this month, when the Messrs. Miller brought off a capital show of polo ponies, hacks, harness horses, and jumpers, which excited a vast amount of interest among a large number of visitors. Lord Southampton, Mr. Rawlinson, and Colonel Reilly acted as judges for the polo ponies, whilst Sir George Wombwell and Captain Beatty did the same for the others.

The first class, for the best mare likely to breed polo ponies, obtained thirty-seven entries, among which were such celebrities as Luna, Little Fairy, Shooting Star, Aerolite, Matchbox, Nipcat, Black Bella, Mr. W. Walker's famous quartette, Dynamite, Nimble, Lady Jane, and Cicely, and Mr. Dryborough's Charlton. I was not surprised at the last named getting first prize, as she is a really beautiful mare, and just the stamp to breed strong, active, short-legged polo ponies, with quality and pace. Lord Kensington's brown mare, Artful, was placed second, and Mr. Walter Jones's Luna, in my opinion almost the best polo pony in the world, took the third prize.

Class two, for the best polo pony, was judged in two



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## JUDGING PAIRS.

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divisions. The first prize in Division A, for foreign ponies, went to Mr. E. D. Miller's famous brown gelding, Langosta, and the second to Mr. W. H. Walker's handsome chestnut Bedouin; whilst Mr. Walter Jones's Little Fairy, Mr. G. A. Miller's Jack-in-the-Box, and Mr. Walter Jones's Billy, were first, second, and third in Division B, for ponies bred in Great Britain. The winner in this class is a beautiful blood pony that now races on the flat as Tessie, and was lately bought at Tattersall's for 300 guineas. Jack-in-the-Box is a miniature weight-carrying hunter, which is my ideal of what a polo pony should be, up to weight, and fast. Billy is a hard, clever-looking chestnut, with great power, good length, and wonderful quarters, as good a pony all round as you could wish to see.

The Champion Polo Pony Cup, for the best polo pony of any breed, was won by my old favourite, Fitz. This is a really grand pony—a bright chestnut, with enough bone for a sixteen-hand hunter, beautiful shoulders, quarters like a dray-horse, and all action. He combines immense quality and power, and the pace at which he carries his owner, Major Fenwick, a very heavy man, who is always galloping, is really wonderful. There were some extraordinary ponies in this class, and the £25 cup went to a very remarkable animal.

There were three prizes for hacks, the property of members of Ranelagh, or nominated by them, and, taken as a lot, I did not think much of them. Mr. C. N. Charrington's St. PETER did not strike me as any beauty to look at, but he moved well, and is, I was told, a beautiful hack to ride, so he was awarded first prize. Lord Shrewsbury's chestnut, Golden Drop, who was second, is a good-looking horse, and bends himself well, but rather big for a hack, and Duke, who was third, is a heavy pounding brute that I did not like at all.

Mr. Louis Mievill's browns, Melton and Paradox, took first prize in the class for the best pair of horses or cobs, to be driven in double harness, for which Mrs. Ernest Kennedy's blacks, Sweet Glen and Sweet Briar, were placed second, and I was surprised at Mr. McCreery's good-looking pair, Charlie and Kate, not getting a prize.

In class six, for the best



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## FIRST PRIZE PAIRS.

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## JUDGING HACKS.

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pony not exceeding 14.2, to be driven in single harness, the first prize went to Bantam, one of the few who moved himself all round, and got over the ground. Mrs. C. Gouldsmith drove a very smart brown pony, with beautiful action in front, but who did not quite use his hocks, and Mr. Charrington's Jet was a grand all-round mover; but the majority of those shown were not of very high class.

The two prizes for the best single harness horses (to be driven) were won by Mr. Louis Mieville's brown gelding Melton and Mr. H. Spender Clay's chestnut gelding Resolution. The first of these is a really good-looking horse, with grand action all round, and the second, though of a heavier type, is a rare good goer too, although, for myself, I liked better than either Mr. McCreery's Kate, a black mare of the highest class, with beautiful light action, all quality, and who moved as if she was on springs.

Then came two classes for jumping, the first for horses over 14.2, and the second for ponies of that height and under. Mr. Hudson's Kathleen and Mr. Townsend Shaw's Lady Springfield were first and second in the former class, whilst the Comte de Madre's Wonder and Mr. Tresham Gilbey's Silver Tail were awarded the same places in the second. It would be very difficult to say anything in praise of the performances of most of the competitors in these two classes, though it must, in justice to the animals, be admitted that most of them were not a little hampered by the somewhat grotesque efforts of their riders.



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FITZ.

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## POLO NOTES.

THERE have been some great matches played this season, that between Hurlingham and Ranelagh, in which the latter were victorious, by 8 goals to 3, on their own ground, and the match in which Rugby beat the Freebooters, for the Hurlingham Open Challenge Cup, being both of them memorable struggles. But perhaps the best match of the season was between Rugby and Ranelagh for the final tie of the Ranelagh Challenge Cup. Rugby played the same team



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ST. PETER

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that had beaten the Bays, whilst the same four turned out for the club who had been victorious in the match against the Inniskillings. The result was the fastest, keenest, and most exciting game I have ever seen.

Rugby were the first to score with a good goal by Walter Jones, but in the second period Rawlinson, having cleverly secured the ball, never lost possession of it until he had driven it through the posts of his opponents. Rugby still kept up the attack, though they found it almost impossible to get past E. D. Miller, who was playing in grand form. Presently, however, Rawlinson again got on the ball, and being well backed up by Buckmaster, put up another goal on the Ranelagh scoring-board. C. D. Miller was the next to score with a wonderful back-hander, making the game 2 goals all, and then Rawlinson, who was always on the ball, once more evaded the Rugby back and scored for the third time. This was promptly replied to by C. D. Miller, and when the bell rang for the last time Rugby were the winners by 6 goals to 3.

The most remarkable feature of this season's polo has been the victorious career of Rugby. This club, which was started by the Messrs. Miller only a few years ago, has ever since been steadily coming to the front, and may now fairly call itself the champion club. Perhaps this is hardly to be wondered at when we consider that it has been represented in its various matches by such players as the three Millers, Walter Jones, J. Dryborough, Renton, McCreery, Mackey, Ravenscroft, and Buckmaster, whilst there are few good ponies playing which have not, at one time or another, worn its colours.

The club began its season by defeating a strong Ranelagh team by 7 goals to 3, and this was followed up by successive victories over Oxford University, Warwickshire, and the Blues. Once more, on May 24th, did they inflict an easy defeat on Ranelagh, and then they beat the hitherto invincible Freebooters by 2 goals to 0 for the Hurlingham Open Challenge Cup. At Paris, soon afterwards, the Prix International fell to their victorious flag, and then for the third time they defeated Ranelagh, this time by 6 goals to 3, for the Ranelagh Open Challenge Cup. This is certainly a record career, especially as Rugby has only once this season tasted defeat, when Hurlingham, represented by Messrs. E. B. Shephard, A. Rawlinson, W. Buckmaster, and John Watson—probably the strongest team in the world—just got the best of them, and for this Rugby took speedy revenge, ten days afterwards.

There was plenty of good polo seen during the Inter-Regimental Tournament this year, though, perhaps, hardly up to the form of what we used to see in old days, when the 10th, 8th, 7th, or 13th Hussars, or the 9th or 17th Lancers, used generally to fight out the final tie. The 13th Hussars, unfortunately, had to retire on this occasion owing to the death of their colonel's wife, and the 17th Lancers, a



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PONY DRIVING.

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very good team, were unlucky in drawing the Inniskillings in the first tie. The Gunners, who had played well in their trial games, went all to pieces in their first match, and the 10th Hussars, although a smart team, were beaten after a good fight by the Inniskillings, a heavier and stronger lot, who, from the first, were generally expected to win.

The season being more than half through, and the Inter-Regimental Tournament having been brought to a conclusion, there have as usual been a number of ponies coming up for sale. Of these, well-known animals are Captain Egerton Green's *Satin*, *Nina*, and *Nancy*; while the Inniskilling Dragoons sent up all theirs to Tattersall's, on the 12th of this month, so that there have been great opportunities for anyone wanting a really good pony or two.

Captain Dundas, of the 15th Hussars, and Captain Bulkeley Johnson, of the Scots Greys, sent up some of theirs to Tattersall's last Monday week. Of these the two which fetched the highest prices were Captain Dundas's *Pembroke*, a good-looking brown, which made 140 guineas, and Captain Bulkeley Johnson's *Harmony*, a smart bay, which went very cheap for 100 guineas.

There will be plenty of sport both at Hurlingham and Ranelagh during the remainder of the present month. There are several good matches still to be decided at the former, whilst the final of the Subalterns' Cup, the Ranelagh Challenge Cup, and the Hunt Cup will all be decided on the Barn Elms ground after these notes have appeared in print.

The match between Fetcham Park and the Rovers, for the final tie of the Novices' Tournament, at Ranelagh, which was instituted last year by Mr. E. D. Miller, was a far better



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## TAKING THE WATER.

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contested game than the actual state of the score would indicate. The earlier ties, which had come off during the week, had produced some interesting matches—Oxford beat the 2nd Life Guards by 9 goals to 0; the Warriors had the best of Burghley Park by 8 goals to 1; whilst the Rovers defeated Cirencester, after a good game, by 4 goals to 3, and a strong team of the Putney Plungers by 5 goals to 0. Fetcham Park had also done well in their previous matches, and so a good game was looked forward to when they met the Rovers for the final.

The Rovers were represented by Captain Jenner, Mr. L. Jenner, Runwar Dokhul Singh, and Captain Bruce. Of these Dokhul Singh, a remarkably fine horseman, played a fast, hard-hitting game all through, and was of great assistance to his side. For Fetcham Park Mr. Drake, Mr. Shephard, Mr. Cobham, and Mr. Paine turned out, and although they only succeeded in scoring twice to their opponents' ten times, they played a plucky uphill game, and some good fast polo was the result. The play

was fairly even at first, Cobham scoring once for Fetcham Park, and Dokhul Singh doing the same twice for the Rovers. Just before half-time, I think it was, Bruce made a fine run and scored. The ball had been passed to him by Dokhul Singh, and coming away with it very fast, well backed up by Jenner, he soon placed it between the Fetcham Park goal-posts. L. Jenner soon after this scored again, and from this point the Rovers always had the best of it, eventually winning by 10 goals to 2. Dokhul Singh's play, which was quite the most prominent feature of this match, was watched with great interest by a large number of spectators. He played in great form all through, hitting very hard and straight, and being nearly always on the ball.

This spirited match was followed by another between the 17th Lancers and a Ranelagh team composed of Mr. E. B. Shephard, Captain Milner, Baron de Teissier, and Lord Shrewsbury. The Lancers, who were unlucky in drawing the Inniskillings in the first tie of the Inter-Regimental Tournament, were represented by Mr. Tilney, Lord O. de V. Beauclerk, Mr. Carden, and Mr. Legard. This was a fast game from the beginning, and the soldiers had scored no less than four times before the match was half through. Ranelagh worked hard, but the "Death or Glory" boys would not be denied, and they eventually left off the winners by 6 goals to 3.

OUTPOST.



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## OVER THE WALL.

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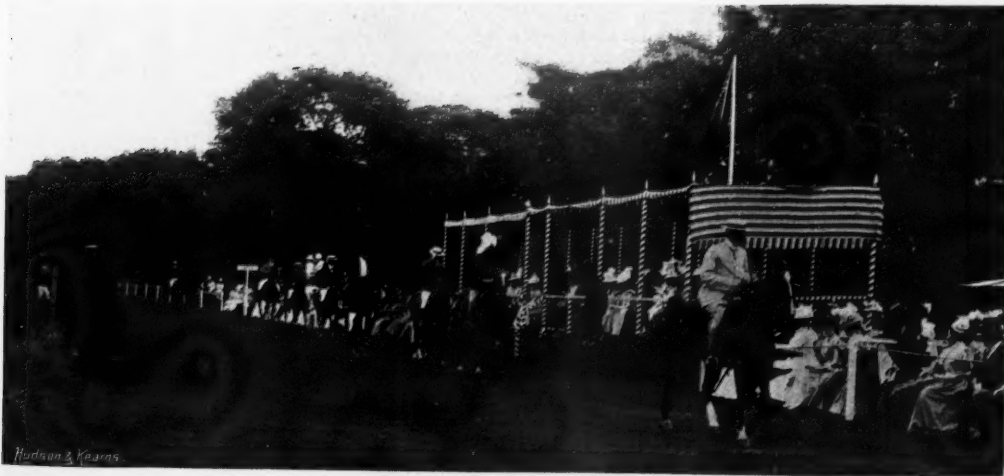


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## PARADE OF THE WINNERS.

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## THE GENTLE CRAFT.

WHO, having once experimented in piscatorial pastimes, can doubt that "once a fisher always a fisher" holds true? It is a sport that appeals alike to the active and daring, and to the contemplative philosopher. You may war with the stout salmon, try issues with tricky trout and tactful tarpon, aye! even with the cunning conger, or trustfully angle for dainty dace, spoon churlish chub, throw bait to bashful barbel, and tempt with a flourish the fickle flounder. In the first instances, the busy brain must be ever on the alert to circumvent the wiles of finny monsters with quick eye and nervous hand; in the other, thought is free to roam, and may wrestle with metaphysics, soar loftily, contemplating the origin of things, anon sinking down to ponder over the vicissitudes of mundane affairs. We may grow cheerful with the purling brook, or sober as we contemplate the muddy, leisurely Thames. Did not Dame Juliana Berners aver that fishing was of wondrous worth to afford you "solace, and to cause the helthe of your body and specially of your soule"? A century or so later the irresistible Izaak told us the same tale—the great Walton, who taught us to treat our worms as though we loved them, and the sportive abbot of St. Albans were at one on this head. While the monk, sitting on a river bank, found joy in fishing his Friday's dinner, the doleful Puritan hooked up melancholy from the self-same waters—so varied is man, so fitted to his moods is angling.

As a rule, however, the charms of the craft tend to cheerfulness. A man with a fly rod, a well-chosen cast, and a likely silvery stream, brawling brook, or calm lake before him, is a being to be envied; he, if anyone, should taste true happiness. Of course, the catching of fish is the end all anglers have in view, nevertheless, the aim is only a small part of what goes to make up his pleasure. The wandering—solitary, in quiet communion with Nature—the mere exertion of casting, the keen observation of water, banks, sky, and living things both above and under the waters, all help to call out man's natural faculties. He is alert, and as difficulties crop up and are adequately met, his resourcefulness brings a glow of pride. After all, man was meant for the chase, and the primitive savage has not yet been crushed out of us. Macbeth on his native heath is himself again, an entity, standing alone (or at most backed by a taciturn attendant), free from the

trammels of high politics. Were I a lawgiver to a people seeking to disentangle itself from the crushing weight of industrialism, I would say, "Let no man have a vote until he can handle the rod and provide his own dinner therewith." So long as peaceful Londoners can patiently sit in punts and angle for fishes, there is hope for the great village, its citizens thereby learning how to temporise, and when 'tis necessary to be masterful; besides which they acquire appetites for wholesome bread and cheese and the brown stone bottle. And it is to be noted here that Londoners have always been tenacious of their sporting rights; the small urchin who braves park-keepers and persists to try and catch minnows with a bent pin at the end of a long string, is only following in the footsteps of ancient and right worthy citizens. Even William the Conqueror and his son granted them the privilege of hunting with hawk and hound in Middlesex, Kent, Essex, and Surrey; they might angle, too, in any waters save only private ponds and fish-stews. During the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries such privileges were worth having. Now persons of any ambition must fare further afield.

But nearly everywhere he may go, the angler will find opportunities for trial of his skill. Apart from the recognised salmon and trout rivers, there are streams in well-nigh every district that will repay attention, and curing jaunts abroad, many a pleasant surprise awaits the enthusiast. It may be a narrow streamlet, meandering peacefully among grassy meadows, little more than a brook, yet harbouring trout or grayling, according to locality. These meadow "ditches" and the mountain burn call forth consummate art, for they are usually crystal, clear, and narrow, so that the fisherman has to resort to all sorts of dodges to elude the restless eye of his intended victims. Dense fringes of sedges, irises, or the overhanging bramble, hawthorn, and hazel, only add to his perplexities; the most wary may occasionally get hung up, and, no doubt, his efforts to save gut and flies give rise to merriment to onlookers. Success, however, frequently awaits the patient. Less strategy, but more strength and local knowledge, is required for the larger rivers, where fish find room to satisfy their whims, and, when their hour has arrived, have the will and power to lead their captors a lively dance, not without chance of bruised ankles, possible duckings, and final discomfiture.

GUY CADOGAN ROTHERY.

## CYCLING NOTES.

IT is wonderful how soon we get accustomed to associate the desired impressions with common sounds. Involuntarily we all jump out of the way at the sound of the cyclist's bell, yet only a few years ago it affected us no more than the bell of the town crier or the mufin man. It used to be difficult—shifting the point of view to that of the person on the machine—to ring small boys out of the road, rang we never so wisely. Now, not only the small boys, but pigs, dogs, and poultry seem to recognise the terrors associated with the bell—the terrors, it is true, are yet greater to the cyclist—and scramble out of the path in their individual manners, even as dogs at St. Andrews are said to "look out for themselves" at the cry of "fore!" It is, of course, salutary that folks, whether on four legs or two, should know the meaning of the cyclist's bell—it makes for the safety both of the cyclist and the public—and it is well, too, that the cyclist should ring his bell, on occasion—preferably before he has upset the apple-cart than after it. Yet, for all that, we cannot find it in our heart to approve of this latest invention of a perpetual cycling bell, as if the cyclist were a dustcart or the Inchcape Rock. Once upon a time there was a boy who called "wolf!" frequently by way of a practical joke, when there was no wolf; consequently, when the wolf did actually appear, he had exhausted his vocabulary in calls for unneeded aid, and when he called out "wolf!" again, and aid really was needed, no one listened to him. There appears a chance that the perpetually jingling cyclist may share his fate. Folks will have been alarmed so often, when there was no need for alarm, that they will fail to be alarmed when the truly alarming occasion arrives. They will cease to jump aside, as they have been used to, and a massacre of innocents, including the innocent bell-ringer, is likely to ensue. He can do no more than ring his bell; unfortunately he can, under the hypothesis, do no less; so that he advertises himself no more when he is a source of danger than when he is not; in fact, the perpetual ringing will come to pretty much the same thing as not ringing at all. It will defeat its own object. How many unfortunate cyclists it will drive to suicide, or to a merciful deafness, in attaining that end, we have yet to see. The best hope is that it will not be too generally adopted.

The time is at hand, with the conclusion of the School Match, that country life shall gain an added interest, at the expense of town life. It is the time at which folks long to go on pilgrimages, as Chaucer said, on pilgrimages on wheels, cycling. The ultimate, or rather the primary principle that a cyclist touring party should mutually acknowledge, before starting, is that the pace is to be set by the person who goes slowest—like the ideal of a cavalry charge. Without the incentive of the enemy in front it is an ideal that is likely to be realised in cycle touring, especially in the sunny month of July, much more perfectly than in the cavalry charge, wherein we are assured—though Heaven forbid we ever should engage in one—that in point of fact all strive their hardest to be first on the foe. The inducements—say the "long drink" at the end of the journey—are less irresistible to the cyclist, and the slowest pace, or the laziest, is likely to be accommodated. It does not make the tour at all less interesting for the speedy man, that he should be forced to abate his speed a little; indeed, the great trouble in touring is to go slow enough to give oneself time, not to tire oneself, nor to tear over the country as though possessed by the demon of

scorching, but to travel at a pace that is consistent with reasonable enjoyment. The truth is, we could do it better if the bicycle were a tricycle—perish the thought! In that altogether impossible case one could sit actually still and enjoy the view. But the bicycle declines to stand still and be sat upon—it is perpetually impatient, in a state of most unstable equilibrium, and it is as troublesome to ride very slowly as very fast. It seems that we get into a normal rate of speed—get into our stride, as it were—and that is the pace at which, unless some strenuous curb be placed on our fury, we shall inevitably go; and we are always trying to go a little faster, for, though we have no wish to try to emulate the doings of Stocks or Linton, we all wish we had the ability. And if it be good for the speedy rider that a hand should be laid on his rein, certainly the principle of accommodating the general pace to that of the slowest member of the team is the only one under which that comparative sloth can endure his or her crawling existence. If he or she had to spend his or her July days trying to keep up with the fastest members, the pains of Purgatory would be discounted altogether. No one, therefore, unless in the happy position of knowing the cycling power of every member of a proposed cycling party to be inferior to that of himself—it is to be presumed that the scorching member will be a male—should consent to take part in it unless the proposed principle is thoroughly well understood and has been accepted with general acquiescence. Cycling in July is not a light matter to undertake under the best of circumstances, but it has its bright side, nevertheless. Never does the country look more beautiful, never is the wealth of foliage so abundant, never are the birds in such numbers amongst it, though it is true that the singing season of many of them is at an end. But they abound, because for every two, speaking according to Nature's ordinary course, that dwell in the woodlands a few weeks before, there now is an additional family following this original two about, open-mouthed for the reception of grubs of all sorts and sizes. No one should be allowed to go a cycling tour who has no eyes and ears for the woodland life—he does not deserve the high privilege of easy locomotion. No doubt there are drawbacks—flies are as numerous as in the Egyptian plague, especially in the neighbourhood of bracken. The association between flies and bracken is not obvious, yet it certainly exists. But who would wish the bracken away, even though it took the flies with it?

One of the most disappointing experiences that becomes familiar in this hot weather touring is wheeling the machine with infinite pain up a two miles gradual rise, with beautiful surface, thinking, the while, how delightful it would be to ride down, and promising oneself an equally delightful run down on the other side—only to find that the ascent that had been so gradual on the one side is unrideably abrupt on the other, so that you have to walk down that too, clinging on to your bike the while, and curbing the impatience which the heavy thing shows in trying to run away with you. It is not much bother wheeling a bicycle up hill. Some folks say, indeed, that it is an actual help having its support to lean on. But however that may be, there are no two opinions about the toil of wheeling it down hill, hanging back all the while against its weight.

Among the first principles of cycle touring, though of less primary,



importance than the accommodation of the general pace to that of the slowest, is the principle of finishing your day's ride, if possible, with a nice easy run in. It is everything to leave off with a good impression of the day. Happily, this generally arranges itself for you, because most of the country towns at which you are likely to stop lie low, on the banks of rivers for the most part. Of the cathedral towns this is true without any exception that occurs, at the moment, to the writer, and the cathedral town tour is among the pleasantest of all.

For any passable comfort it is necessary to have a servant with you whom you may send to meet you, at the various stopping places, with your luggage.

The man or maid should not be too smart or superior to do for you the odd jobs that hotel servants so often neglect to perform, or to perform punctually. Do not, especially in the hot weather, make your stages—above all the earlier stages of the tour—too long. Their length, again, should be regulated by the wish of the member who is first to tire. Prefer to do your day's journey in two stages, one early, starting soon after breakfast, and the other towards the evening, when the fiercest heat of the sun is abated, giving yourself a long while in the middle of the day to lunch and loaf. Conduct the whole operations, in fine, as if you were cycling for pleasure, not as if you were racing with time, or condemned to a month's labour on a locomotive treadmill.

## YACHTING; THE EMPEROR'S CUP.

IT would have been difficult to hit upon a better plan to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee, from a yachting point of view, than that which the German Emperor devised, and which was recently brought to such a successful conclusion, for a Channel match from Dover to Heligoland for such an exceptionally valuable trophy as that offered by the Kaiser must necessarily stand out prominently in the yachting history of the future.

It is surprising in this season of general dulness in yacht racing circles to hear of a match for which as many as twenty-one entries were received, and in which no less than thirteen yachts actually competed. It was a great pity, however, that none of the up-to-date racing cutters were starters, for they always lend additional interest to an event of this sort. The race practically resolved itself into one for purely cruising yachts, and many of

Jubilee Cup, presented by the German Emperor, in commemoration of the sixtieth year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, open to all yachts belonging to any Royal or recognised British Yacht Club, built in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of 40 tons, Thames measurement, and upwards, and owned by a British subject. First prize, the Emperor's Cup; second, third, and fourth prizes, works of art in Berlin ware. Yachts to sail under Yacht Racing Association rules, and time allowances, with this variation, that they will be handicapped after the manner of the yachts which race for the Queen's Cup at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes; yachts to sail in cruising trim, to start from the Admiralty Pier, Dover, and cross the North Sea to Heligoland, leaving all lightships on the Dutch and German coasts on the starboard hand, finishing between the Saturn buoy, north of Heligoland, and the German war vessel Mars.



Photo. by West and Son,

ARIADNE.

Southsea.

these were built in the eighties, while some were first launched as far back as the early seventies. It was unfortunate that the date chosen for the contest, June 23rd, should have fallen so near that of the Spithead Review, for all the competing yachts were thus prevented from attending the latter function; but, on the other hand, it could scarcely have affected the entry.

The German Emperor first declared his intention of giving a Jubilee Cup in August last, and invited the following well-known yachtsmen to form a committee to carry out the arrangements for the match: The Marquis of Ormonde (Chairman), the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Colville, Sir John Burns, Bart., Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., Sir Edward Birbeck, Bart., Mr. Richard Allan, Mr. Dixon Kemp, Mr. Richard Grant, Professor Russley, Baron von Sender, and Admiral von Eisendecher. The cup was designed by the Emperor, is 3ft. in height, and is said to be worth £500. This was the only prize at first offered, but when His Imperial Majesty heard that so many yachts had entered, he telegraphed to the committee to say that he would also give second, third, and fourth prizes, which should consist of works of art in Berlin ware. The arrangements for the actual racing were left in the hands of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club. The handicap was a sealed one, and consequently none of the skippers knew their time allowance until they arrived off Texel, as the envelopes in which the handicap was placed were not to be opened till then.

The programme ran as follows: Match for the Diamond

YACHT.	RIG.	THAMES TONS.	OWNER.
Ariadne	Schooner	380	Hon. Mrs. Meynell-Ingram
Cetonia	Schooner	203	Lord Iveagh
Amphitrite	Schooner	161	Sir F. Wills
Corisande	Ketch	160	Duke of Leeds
Cariad	Ketch	129	Lord Dunraven
Anemone	Yawl	96	Mr. J. H. Haggas
Jullanar	Yawl	126	Mr. E. C. F. James
Freda	Yawl	120	Mr. Wyndham F. Cook
Caress	Cutter	67	Mr. H. T. Van Laun
Asterope	Schooner	161	Mr. Albert Wood
Goddess	Ketch	176	Mr. F. W. L. Popham
Creole	Cutter	54	Colonel V. Bagot
Merrythought	Yawl	73	Mr. C. Quentin
Speranza	Yawl	102	Mr. E. S. Revett
Sybil	Cutter	45	Mr. E. H. Middleton
Gwynfa	Cutter	57	Mr. T. H. Myring
Reindeer	Schooner	106	Mr. S. P. Mumford
Edwina	Yawl	55	Mr. A. O. Bailey
Lady Ruth	Yawl	47	Mr. H. W. Trollope
Cygnat	Yawl	57	Mr. E. Nelson
Day Dream	Schooner	59	Mr. A. F. Penrven

The ARIADNE, which was the largest competitor in the race, was built by Messrs. Camper and Nicholson at Gosport in 1874. She was formerly named Boadicæa, and was owned by Mr. C. Thellusson, who won a memorable race with her in 1876. The course was from Torquay round the Eddystone Lighthouse and return. She and the Latona were the only yachts that finished the course through stress of weather, and even these two had to run for shelter under Start Point and remain there for some

hours. The Latona was eventually beaten by two hours. CETONIA, which was the first yacht in the race to arrive at Heligoland, was built at Cowes in 1873, and was undoubtedly one of Michael Ratsey's finest productions. She has placed two Queen's Cups to her credit, one in 1889, when she flew the flag of Sir E. Guinness, and the other in 1891, when she belonged to her present owner, Lord Iveagh. In 1874, when schooner racing was at its zenith, Cetonia, which was then owned by Mr. William Turner, was considered by some authorities to be the fastest of the fleet of two-stickers, which consisted of the following splendid vessels:—Morna, 257 tons; Modwena, 223 tons; Aline, 215 tons; Gwendolin, 182 tons; Corinne, 162 tons; Egeria, 152 tons; Pantomime, 142 tons; and Seabelle, 142 tons, besides others of less note. Lord Iveagh's schooner has a registered tonnage 112'90, while she has a length of 107ft., a beam of 21ft. 1in., and draught of 11ft. 6in.

Amphitrite was built in 1887 by Messrs. Camper and Nicholson for Colonel Macgregor, who won a Queen's Cup with her in 1889. In 1895, under the red and white flag of her present owner, Sir F. Wills, she took part in a race for a cup, value £200, presented by Lord Iveagh, and competed for at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta in August. Yampa, an American schooner, the property of Mr. R. S. Palmer, was also entered for the race, as well as Cetonia and Mr. W. G. Nicholson's Waterwitch. The contest will be long remembered by those who viewed it, for a purely schooner race had not

been held at Cowes for many years, and it called to one's memory the contests of twenty years ago, when schooner racing was the fashion of the day. On the occasion referred to Yampa was the biggest yacht entered, and had to allow Cetonia 3min. 42sec., Waterwitch 7min. 24sec. and Amphitrite 7min. 14sec.

There was a nice westerly breeze blowing all day, and after a fine contest the Yampa finished 13min. 8sec. ahead of the Amphitrite, which was second boat. An objection was, however, lodged against Yampa, owing to the fact that she had carried extra hands, which were not allowed, as the race was to be sailed in cruising trim. The protest was sustained, and Yampa was disqualified, as Mr. Palmer was obliged to admit that through ignorance of the rule he had on board extra men; but out of this race, however, came another, for Mr. Palmer challenged the owner of Amphitrite to a match for £100; it was sailed on August 14th, under the management of the Royal Yacht Squadron Sailing Committee.

There was a strong westerly breeze blowing during the day, which exactly suited the English schooner, and she in consequence made a magnificent sailing display, every credit being at the same time due to the splendid way in which she was handled by her captain and crew. She eventually beat by over eleven minutes the American clipper, which did not sail up to the same form as she did in the lighter wind of the preceding week.

The Corisande was built by Michael Ratsey, for Mr. J. Richardson, in 1872, and in her first year she was successful in winning the cups presented by the Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club.

Anemone was finished at Gosport in 1873, and succeeded in 1896 in securing the Queen's Cup of the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club.

The renowned JULLANAR was built by Mr. E. H. Bentall, an agricultural implement maker, in 1875. He took a line of his own in her construction, and can fairly be said to have anticipated the modern racing yacht; his daring genius became even more apparent in the Evolution, which he designed five years later.

The FREDa was designed by Mr. Dixon Kemp, and was built in 1885 by Mr. Arthur Payne, for Mr. C. W. Prescott Westcar, and was then known by the name of Constance. She is a fine roomy cruiser, and measures 83'40 registered tonnage. Formerly she was raced with some success, but of recent years she has only appeared a few times under racing colours. In 1895, at Cowes, she was started in the races for yawls and schooners, for cups presented by the German Emperor, but on neither occasion did she prove victorious.

Asterope was built in 1889 by Messrs. C. Hansen and



Photo. by West and Son,

FREDa.

Southsea.

Son, of Cowes, from designs of Mr. A. Richardson, and is a very good type of what a good cruising schooner should be.

Goddess was built by Dewdney, of Brixham, in 1893, for Mr. Shenley, and measures 94ft. over all, and has 21ft. 4in. beam, with a registered tonnage of 107'65. She is a powerful sea boat, but has no pretensions as a racer.

Merrythought was built at Gosport in 1875, by Messrs. Camper and Nicholson.

Gwynfa was built by Mr. Halliday, of Cowes, in 1873, for Mr. Exshaw, but she has never been used much for racing.

Lady Ruth and Cygnet are both east country boats, the former being built by Mr. Barr on the Colne in 1880, and the latter owing its origin to Mr. Roberts, of Ramsgate, in the same year.

Now let us turn our attention to the actual race in question. The morning of the 23rd of June broke still and calm, but towards midday, when the match was timed to begin, a light breeze sprang up from the eastward. About half an hour before the start, all the competing yachts were under way, when it was seen that the absentees would be Cariat, Caress, Creole, Speranza, Sybil, Reindeer, Edwina, and Day Dream.

Gwynfa, which was on the starboard tack, was the first vessel to cross the line, and she was soon followed by the Anemone, Merrythought, and Freda, in the order named. Amphitrite, Cetonia, Asterope, Lady Ruth, Cygnet, Jullanar, and Goddess all stood in towards the shore on the starboard tack, while Corisande and Ariadne, which were on the opposite tack, were kept out in the Channel in the hopes of getting a freer wind. Anemone now worked to windward of Gwynfa, and soon afterwards Merrythought, Freda, and Amphitrite went ahead of Cetonia. Lady Ruth and Cygnet were moving faster than Jullanar, which did not seem at all suited by the light wind then prevailing. Some pretty cross-tacking now took place at the back of the Goodwins, where the thick haze soon obscured the yachts; but, as far as could be seen, Anemone was having the best of it, and Corisande and Ariadne seemed to have worked into a better breeze.

During the passage the wind veered to the north, and freshened considerably, which raised a choppy sea, and a drizzling rain came on towards the finish of the contest. The first boat to arrive was Cetonia, she being followed four minutes later by Ariadne; then came Amphitrite, Freda, Corisande, Jullanar, Anemone, Asterope, Goddess, and Gwynfa in the order given. It was found, on corrected time, that Freda was the winner, as she had completed the course in 45h. 58min. 45sec. Ariadne took second prize in 42h. 33min. 34sec.; Jullanar was third in 46h. 58min. 50sec.; Corisande was fourth in 46h. 33min. 42sec. Cetonia was disqualified, as she had fouled Jullanar not long after the start.

SEAMEW.



Photo. by West and Son,

JULLANAR.

Southsea





*Cetonia.*

*THE CETONIA.*

*Photo. by West and Son,*

## COUNTRY HOMES: ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

THE breezy height of St. Michael's Mount is crowned by such a country home as England has not the like of. Tourists in the far West Country are not content until they have passed over by the causeway at low water, or crossed to the island by boat, to scale this romantic realm, discover if they can the secret of its charm, and look over the blue waters of Mount's Bay, where the waves roll in from the great Atlantic. Lord St. Levan's island home is in an ideal position, commanding a vast panorama of sea and land. Incidents of legend and history crowd its records. Long ago the place furnished forth the metalliferous riches of Tyre, and was frequented by the merchants of Gaul. It was the fabulous land of Lyonesse, and the place where St. Michael appeared. It has looked for centuries over the conflict of the elements, and who will say that it does not decide the supremacy in the domestic world? For, if the lady should first gain the airy height of the famed Kader Mighel, or St. Michael's chair, on the tower—a fearsome place, against which, on more grounds than one, she may be warned—the grey mare, if Cornishmen speak true, will prove the better horse, and, as they say of St. Keyne's Well in East Cornwall,

"God help the husband then!"

The religious history of the place is not considerable, for the monastery was made subject to Mont Saint Michel, near Avranches, in Normandy—that beautiful place so like it in situation—and it came almost to an end when Henry V. suppressed the alien houses, and attached this to Sion in Middlesex. Of all the stirring scenes which the Cornish island has witnessed, there can be but brief record here. First we have Henry de la Pomeroy, with others, hastening as a pilgrim to Marazion, and over the causeway to the Mount. Danger is at his heels, for he has stabbed a messenger who came on behalf of Cœur de Lion, and so determines to secure safety by stratagem. His men throw off their palmer's cloaks, draw their hidden blades, and, in defiance of protests of prior and monks, fortify the Mount in the name of Earl John. Soon comes Archbishop Hubert to lay siege to it, whereupon Pomeroy, regretting his temerity, parleys, surrenders, and soon meets death mysteriously. Time passes, and Richard de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who has married the widow of Sir Guy St. Aubyn, flying from the field of Barnet, lands in Mount's Bay, repeats the stratagem of Pomeroy, finds friends among the monks, and establishes himself in the island stronghold. Then comes Sir John Arundell, the sheriff, with the whole *posse comitatus*, and they batter themselves to pieces against the defences, while their leader is killed between the Mount and Marazion, in fulfilment of a prophecy, which foretold how he should die on the yellow sand. John Fortescue takes up the work, and the siege is renewed with redoubled vigour, but all in vain. Edward is furious, but temporises. De Vere surrenders, lives to witness the triumph of Bosworth Field and the coronation of Henry VII., and to stand as sponsor for the monarch's son.



Photo. by Frith and Co.,

FROM THE HARBOUR.

Reigate.

Battle rolls about the place under the Tudors. Here, on St. Michael's Mount, flies the flag of "Richard IV.," for Perkin Warbeck captures the place, and installs his Scottish wife in safety on the hill. Then the scene changes. Sir Humphry Arundell is governor of the place under Henry VIII. and his son, and he marches forth, in 1549, with all his men to head the Cornish rising for the restoration of the old liturgy. The gentry remaining behind are timid, and declare for the king, but he, marching back, captures the place easily, and leaves it with men of stouter heart. The country rises at his bidding, and a host of Cornishmen advance, fighting with furious zeal, now here, now there, until they sit down for the leaguer of Exeter. But fortune is against them. Defeat brings demoralisation, and they break up and return homeward hastily. Then comes the rolling of heads, and Arundell is heard of no more. Next, what a brave happening there is at St. Michael's when the beacon fire is lighted to betoken, to all who might behold, the coming of the Invincible Armada!

When Sir Humphry Arundell's estates were forfeited, St. Michael's Mount was granted to the Sheriff of Cornwall, by name Job Milton. It was held for the king in the Civil Wars, latterly by Sir Francis Basset, and was the scene of some fighting. The Bassets sold the place to the ancestor of the present noble owner, Sir John St. Aubyn, about the year 1660, and six successive owners of the same name lived there, each treasuring and beautifying his home, of whom the last died in 1840. But the historic name was borne again by Lord St. Levan, as a baronet, before he was raised to the peerage in 1887.

The famous house has thus a famous history. Its romantic aspect has attracted the pencil of unnumbered artists, and it is a delightful experience for the privileged tourist to ascend the rugged Mount and enter the historic abode. At low water there is an easy approach from Marazion by the causeway of shingle and sand, and when the tide is up a boat carries the expectant visitor to the harbour, which is often thronged with fishing craft, yachts, and boats with coal and timber for the neighbouring shore. There is a steep and rugged way up the Mount to the low portal facing the west. The prospect is enchanting from below, but on the hill, and from the windows of the house, and, still more, the tower and galleries, a magnificent panorama of land and sea is unfolded, embracing a beautiful landscape of cultivated Cornwall, with its farms and villages, the table-land of the Lizard bounding the view, and a noble outlook over the romantic coast towards the Land's End.

The house abounds in quaint, picturesque, and interesting features. The chapel and its tower are the oldest parts of the structure, though some of the foundations elsewhere seem very ancient. There are beautiful features within, including carved stalls, uncommon in domestic chapels, but this has retained its important character since monastic days. A

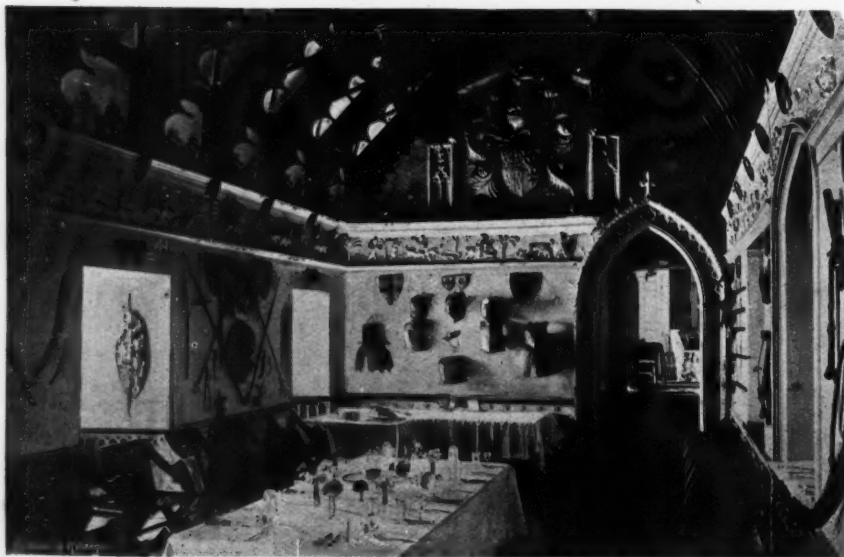
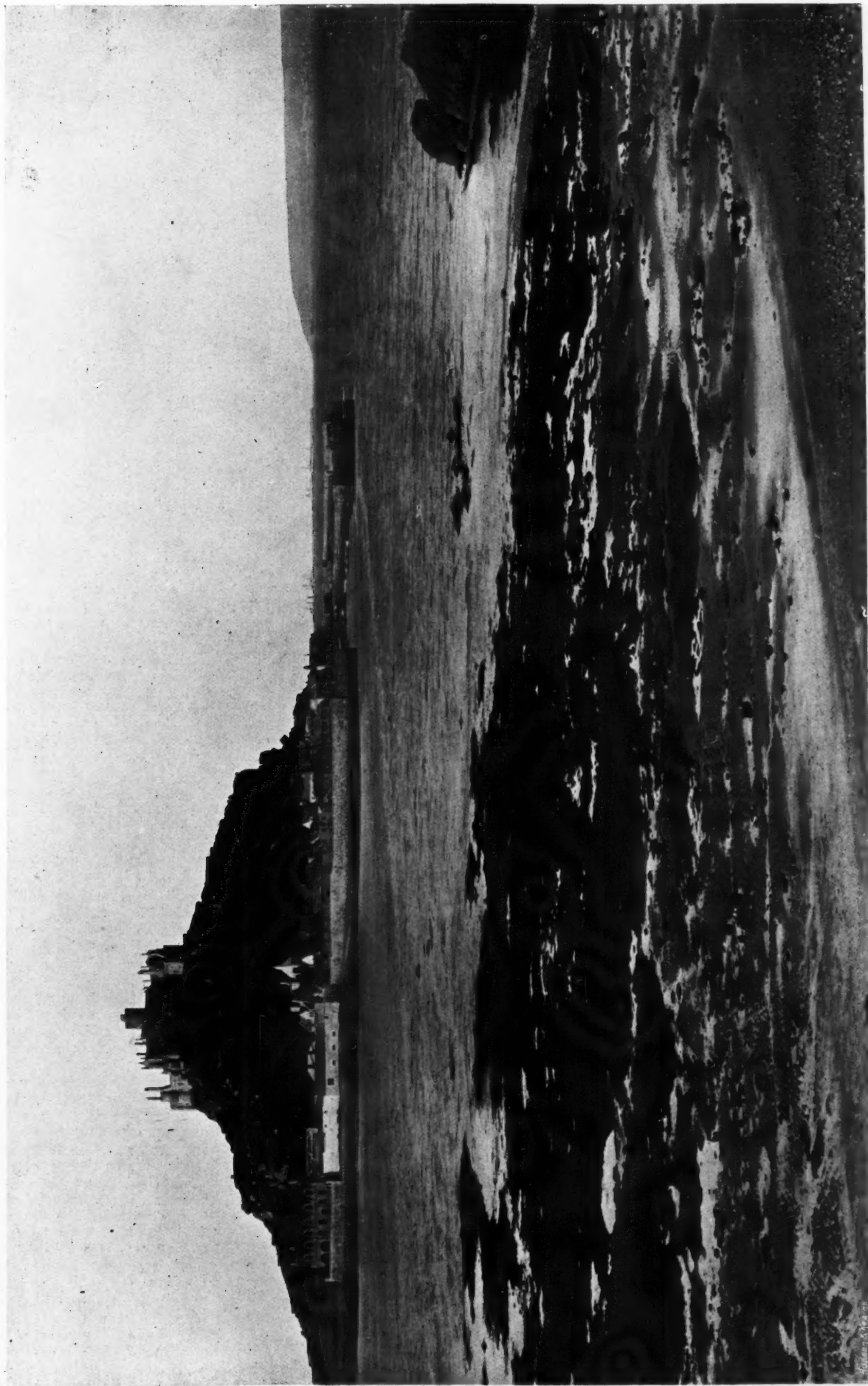


Photo. J Valentine and Sons, THE CHEVY CHASE ROOM.

Dundee.





*Aberdeen.*

COUNTRY HOMES: ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

*Photo. by G. W. Wilson and Co.,*

narrow way leads up to the tower, and to far-famed St. Michael's chair, where to sit is a feat from which the faint-hearted recoil, and this a breezy height imposing extreme caution on all. Within the house the guard-room is hung with ancient armour. The refectory or dining-room, which is known as the Chevy Chase Room, from the curious frieze of hunting scenes which adorns it, is singularly in-

teresting, and is little changed from its original state, save that it has received a fine carved roof of oak. From the windows there is truly a magnificent view, and the visitor, who has passed with delight from room to room, descends the Mount to Marazion, confessing that he has seen unfamiliar beauties, and a very original and most attractive abode.

JOHN LEYLAND.

## SOME LADIES' DOGS.

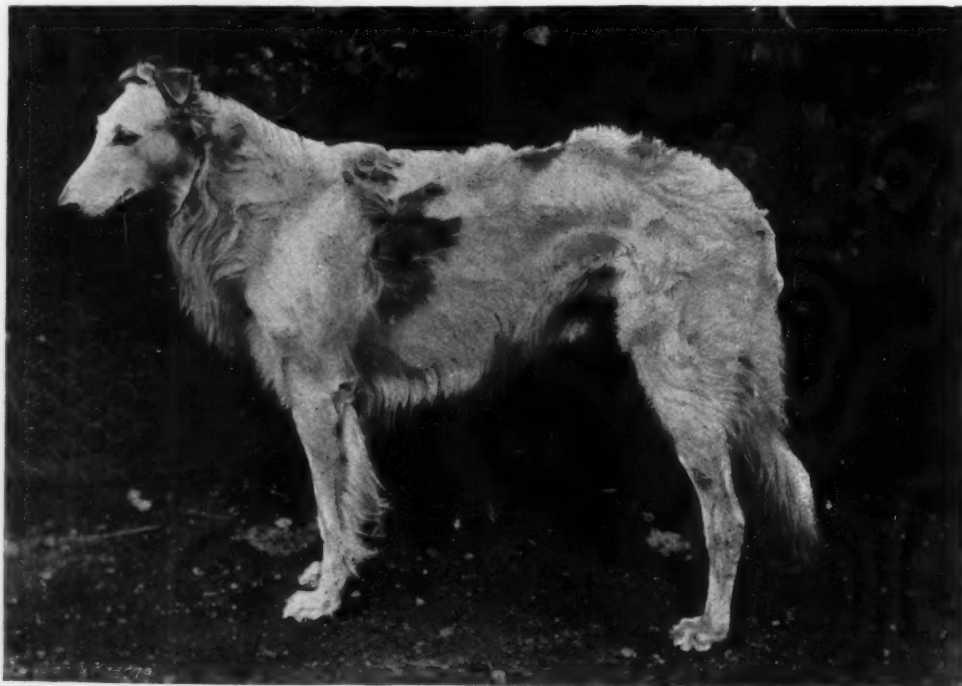
SINCE I saw Bristol White Rose in Brighton two years ago, the Toy Bull-terrier is a dog that has somehow seldom come under my notice. When it has, it has generally been but a very poor specimen. But for some occult reason this really very agreeable pet dog has come to the front very recently with quite "a rush," and almost simultaneously. I hear of quite a number of women who own them, among them being the Countess of Cathcart, the Countess of Cottenham, Mrs. Inverarity, and Lady Evelyn Ewart. I have been fortunate enough to get the photograph of JIMMY, Lady Evelyn Ewart's dog, for reproduction, and a beautiful little creature he is. He makes, she tells me, an ideal pet, being very loyal to his mistress, amiable, bright, plucky, and well-mannered, and as for his quality, was he not in the prize list at the Aquarium in May? His real name is Jimminy, because when the time came for him to be registered in the Kennel Club, it was found that Jimmy had already been appropriated, but at home and to all his personal friends he is Jimmy all the same. He is scarcely 5lb. in weight, but, as will be seen from the picture, has excellent points, and is a steady, intelligent, genuine little dog withal. At the Pet Dog Show there were several Toy Bull-terriers besides Lady Evelyn's on the benches, and by the time these lines are in print the Ladies' Show at the Botanic Gardens will have revealed other new exhibitors in this taking breed, and unless I am much mistaken, some remarkably good specimens. In his work on Terriers, Mr. Lee has a great deal to say that is very pleasant reading for owners of the Toy White. Not long ago the variety seemed to be dying out, but in Birmingham and Manchester, and, of course, London, breeders kept the variety in the market, but they did not take the trouble, or did not care, to get rid of the bulldoggy bandiness of leg, which is not wanted in a Toy. "Could they be produced with straight forelegs and with the width of chest they might be taken up by the public." This was sufficiently prophetic, for the legs are becoming straight and the chest symmetrical, and evidently now "being taken up by the public," or at any rate by the more distinguished element in it. They are handier, gamer, and might be made even smarter than any other smooth variety of Toy Terriers, and are certainly the pluckiest little dogs I have ever come across. With regard to the bow-legs to which I have objected, Mr. Lee says "a bandy-legged animal is not appreciated by the modern lovers of a fancy dog (omitting, of course, the British Bulldog), and as I fancy these Toy Bull-terriers are hardier and less inbred than their cousins, then in four



JIMMY.

generations of careful breeding might get rid of the bandiness, and a white Bull-terrier, not more than 6lb. in weight, sturdy, congenial, determined, able to kill rats, and not so big as to be in the way in the drawing-room, would certainly find favour," and this is just what has happened. Such a little dog is now bred, and many women, quick to see the points wanted in a good pet, have already given the Toy Bull-terrier their preference.

OPROMIOT, K.C.S.B. 37,299, the Borzoi whose portrait is given here, is one of the most graceful of this breed, and the only representative of the celebrated Yermiloff strain in England. Given to Mr. Musgrave while in Russia, by General Boldareff, for services that he had rendered, the former brought this handsome typical hound home as a souvenir of his travels to his wife, in whose possession he has now been some six years, and for whom he has won all sorts and conditions of prizes, including bracelets, cups, championships, and premierships. He has also sired some good puppies, among them Opromiot the Great. As the name Borzoi itself means "swift," "high-spirited," and Opromiot means "quick to start," the dog may be said to have a double measure of Borzoi character, but his obvious excellence and great beauty, nor even his distinguished origin, have saved him from much controversy and criticism. Opromiot represents one type of Russian wolfhound, as the Duchess of Newcastle's Ondar does the other. In their own country each alike is valued, and each has its staunch partisans, but it is a noteworthy fact that no writer omits to say "the best" are dogs of medium size, that is under 30in., and to give them preference. Other things being equal, they should be elegant, high-bred-looking hounds. It is within this class that Opromiot, like the Princess of Wales's, also falls, and accordingly, therefore, in Russian opinion, he is a first-rate and typical wolfhound. He measures 29½in. at shoulder, and has a beautifully chiselled head, with fascinating gazelle brown eyes, each of which features are eminently characteristic. His coat, which is of the silkiest, covers a well-arched body, and he stands straight on good legs and feet, and carries a thoroughly typical tail.



OPROMIOT.

A. S. R.



## NOTES FROM THE KENNEL.



Photo. by Collings,

MARMADUKE.

175, New Bond St.

**M**ARMADUKE is a pure bred Blenheim Spaniel, bred by the Duchess of Marlborough. It is the property of Miss E. L. Moore, of Denmark Hill, and came into that lady's possession in rather a curious way. As will occasionally happen to small dogs who endeavour to show their superiority to the feline race, on one occasion a pugnacious cat declined to take orders from Marmaduke, and enforced its refusal by giving Marmaduke "one in the eye" with its claws. The result was that Marmaduke's eye was destroyed. Her Grace thereupon sent the Spaniel to a veterinary surgeon to be fitted with a glass eye, as the sight of the empty socket was repugnant. But after this had been done the Duchess did not care to have the dog back, so the veterinary was commissioned to find him a good home, which he succeeded in doing, when the little animal passed into the possession of his present owner.

For the first time dogs were given classification at the recent Shrewsbury Agricultural Show, and proved a very great attraction, the entry of Fox-terriers being one of the best seen at any show since the Kennel Club gathering at the Crystal Palace last October.

The dispersal of the late Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's kennel at Aldridge's last week proved how great is the demand for sporting dogs of reliable breeding and good training, some 661 guineas being realised for the thirty odd that changed hands.

## A WESTMORELAND DOG TRAIL.

**T**HIS class of sport is peculiar to the Lake District, and a fine afternoon may be pleasantly spent in attending one of the local country meetings, where these competitions are combined with wrestling matches and guides' races, for which the locality is famous, as well as other more ordinary athletic sports. On such a fine afternoon some annual sports of the character referred to took place at Chapel Stile, a hamlet near Elterwater, six miles or so from Ambleside, the route being by the new road leading off by Skelwith Bridge through Elterwater, and known as one of the most beautiful drives in the Lake District. On arrival at Chapel Stile the ground was found to be the bottom of a valley, the Langdale Pikes towering at the farther end, and the neighbouring hills completing the circuit and shutting the valley out, the surroundings in every direction being most picturesque. In the dog trail the dogs, or rather hounds, were led by their owners to the starting point at the farther end of the ground. A guide had, earlier in the day, run over the intended course dragging a bag saturated with oil and aniseed. The trail is laid high up on the hillsides, and extended on the present occasion over about one half of the circuit of the basin, the distance being such as to be covered in rather less than half an hour. The hounds being got into line, all in a state of eager excitement, were held by their owners, and at the last moment the guide came down the ground trailing the drag, laying the scent almost up to the starting point. At the word a good start was effected, and the hounds, eight in number—an unusually small field—giving tongue freely,



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START FOR THE TRAIL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

WATCHING THE RUN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

went off at a great pace through the crowd, and were soon lost to view behind the shoulder of a low hill just above the village church. In eight or ten minutes a cry went up of "there they are," and spectators gifted with good eyesight could discern, in the distance, two or three of the leading hounds looking like small white specks high up on the hillside. Even at this distance the local sportsmen, however, appeared to recognise each hound with certainty, and a loud running commentary was kept up as they made their way along the hillside. As they now and again disappeared in a ravine, or behind a crag or wall, the position and doings of Boxer or Champion were called attention to and criticised. Presently, as the hounds were more distinctly made out in their homeward progress, the crowd began to drift towards the winning point, and the leading hound could shortly afterwards be seen making his way over the last wall, across the lower ground, and on to the winning post, where he was secured by his owner and treated to some dainty by way of encouragement to future



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RETURN OF THE LEADERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

efforts. On the occasion here described only three or four of the hounds finished anything like together, the rest having gone astray and not turning up till some half an hour or so later.

## A LIFEBOAT CARNIVAL ON THE THAMES.

THE ingenuity of the promoters of regattas and fêtes on the Thames has been fairly well taxed of late to provide some amusement for spectators which should possess some of the charm of novelty. The Jubilee Carnival recently

support of those who brave the perils of the sea to assist those in distress.

Teddington Reach is well adapted for the promotion of any scheme which has the sympathy of all the clubs in the district,



Photo, by C. Hussey.

LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT.

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held in Teddington Reach in aid of the funds of the National Lifeboat Institution was quite a new idea, and pleasure seekers on the calm waters of the Thames responded heartily, undeterred by Royal Commissions, to the appeal for the

and those represented on the carnival committee included the Albany Club, a delightful social institution, whose convenient lawn formed a fine grand stand for subscribers; the Skiff Club, whose quarters are at Turk's Boathouse adjoining, and who use



the Reach for all their races; the Tamesis Sailing Club, who have fine quarters on the Middlesex shore; the Royal Canoe Club, who have just opened a commodious boat-house at the head of Trowlock Island; the British Canoe Association, the Minima Yacht Club, the Willow and Island Camps, all of whom are represented on this island, one of the finest camping and bungalow grounds on the river. These club representatives were assisted by local members of the Lifeboat Saturday Fund, and although arrangements had to be carried through at short notice on account of other Jubilee rejoicings preventing an early start, a decided success was obtained, sufficient indeed to justify the hope that the Lifeboat Institution will receive annual benefit from a carnival day in Teddington Reach.

The afternoon amusements were not at all in the nature of racing, and those who took part in them seemed absorbed with but one soul-possessioning aspiration—to get a ducking as many times as possible during the afternoon. A tug-of-war in punts, for instance, is not conducive to a dry skin, and there is always a certain amount of disappointment about the struggle if one crew does not go down with colours flying. This event is always amusing to spectators, but it affords about the hardest five minutes' work to competitors that could be possibly endured. The sensation of paddling hard for several minutes and making little or no headway is peculiar, and men who have once tried a tug-of-war must be possessed of great devotion to their club or their friends to again venture to take part in such a heartbreaking event.

Water-jousting from punts also tended to put people in a good humour and to cause them to collect in crowds at certain more or less fixed points, and full advantage of this was taken by numerous energetic Lifeboat Fund collectors, the sum gathered being very satisfactory.

The river became much crowded during the afternoon, and the towpath was packed with people, particularly where a lifeboat stood ready for launching when emergency arose. Presently a sorry-looking craft, of ancient build, was seen sailing slowly up from the Trowlock creek, with some anxious-looking mariners on board. In mid-stream a blue light was burned; the lifeboat

was manned by the fine crew from Worthing, launched, and dashed to the rescue. Meanwhile the wreck was settling down, and finally sank, dramatically, just as the lifeboat arrived to pick up the immersed crew. The lifeboat triumphantly pulled up the Reach, amid the plaudits of the crowd, and pockets were again opened for the benefit of the fund.



Photo. by C. Hussey.

MAKING FOR THE WRECK.

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More jousting followed, and subsequently some rough and tumble "fooling" on Steven's Eyot, representative of an attack by Indians on British settlers. The Indians were well made up, and looked effective as they attacked in Canadian canoes.

The evening fête was an immense success. Teddington Reach has always figured prominently in the promotion of river carnivals, but it surpassed itself on this occasion. The camp and club illuminations were strikingly carried out, and there was a much larger proportion than usual of craft taking part in the illuminated boat competition; one skiff was simply a bower of green light, and was manned by Father Neptune, Father Thames, and Britannia, all made up capitally. The band of the 1st Middlesex Royal Engineers (Volunteers) played on a barge moored in mid-stream, and the carnival was kept up until a late hour. The whole scene, viewed from any prominent position, was one of a charmingly fairy-like character, and it is such scenes as this which delight the senses and increase one's love for the pleasures of the Thames.

C. F. T.

## HENLEY REGATTA.

IN the universal development of sport during the sixty years' reign of Her Majesty not the least remarkable feature has been the advance in rowing, and the consequent rise of Henley from an insignificant little meeting to the "Royal Regatta" of the present day, which affords a spectacle unrivalled of its kind, held as it is on such a perfect stretch of river as the Henley Regatta course.

Henley and the University Boat Race may both claim to have arisen from one common source—the meeting between the Oxford crew, stroked by T. Staniforth, and the Cambridge crew, stroked by W. Snow, on the 10th of June, 1829. This was made quite a holiday at Henley, and friends of the crews and townsfolk lined the bank in force, the proceedings, as an old chronicler tells us, ending in the evening with "a few sprees," a custom which has been



Photo by W. A. Rouch.

ABOVE HENLEY BRIDGE.

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kept green to the present day, in spite of other changes. The Boat Race lapsed until 1836, and again until 1839, in which year Henley Regatta proper started, with the Grand Challenge Cup as the solitary trophy. At first it was purely University rowing at Henley, but the rise of the London R.C., and subsequently of Thames and other clubs, put new interest into the racing. The other events beyond the Grand came into the programme in the following order: Stewards' in 1842, Diamonds in 1844, Goblets and Ladies' in 1845, Visitors' in 1847, Wyfold in 1855, and Thames in 1868.

The old course was from the Temple Island to Henley Bridge, on which carriages were placed, and whence, as from the Lion, the finish, and in fact the whole of a race, could be seen, and townspeople naturally liked the racing to be brought almost literally to their doors. In 1886, however, the superior consideration of fairness to competitors led to an alteration, and races were arranged to end at the upper end of Phyllis Court, starting below the island.

This year there has been further reform to minimise the advantage of the Bucks station, which, with its line of house-boats, was worth a good deal in certain winds. The shifting out of the piled course more to the Berks side, with a slight alteration in the starting point, has, however, minimised this, and the course has been this year fairer than ever. It is only necessary to glance at the picture of an old racing eight to notice the difference in craft, which one might be pardoned for considering almost perfect now. The London Rowing Club always seem to be the pioneers of improvement; they first used slides at Henley in 1872, and have taken a prominent part in the introduction of swivel rowlocks, which have been used this season by more crews than ever, and there is no doubt that they will become general in two or three years.

The international character of Henley during the last few years has been a most noticeable feature. Some old hands contend that Henley should be for English oarsmen, but such a step would be useless now that the regatta is stamped as the meeting between the rowing nations of the world. We look for foreign and colonial entries as a matter of course now, and their increase says much for the popularity of rowing. Dutch eights, a Dutch four, a Canadian four, and scullers from Holland and America, have been contending against our crews during the last few days, and nobody can gainsay the fact that their hearty reception proves that international rivalry at Henley is welcome.

What a difference does the course present now and in the sixties! Then there was but an occasional small craft dotted here and there, the bridge was fairly lined with spectators on

foot and in carriages, which were also numerous in the meadows—which were not, however, crowded—horsemen could follow the races, and a towpath run could be undertaken in comfort. The umpire, with the inevitable tall hat, was carried in a watermen's eight, and crews raced without the necessity of a piled course and Conservancy assistance. Now what a contrast is there! We have this week, perhaps, managed to cover the whole course by an effort, edging our way through crowds of small craft, punts, canoes, and skiffs, all filled with gay occupants, brilliant in summer garb, past a long meadow on the Bucks shore entirely converted into club lawns (such as Isthmian, Sports, Thames, and Albany provide for their members), crowded with fashionable folks, many, perhaps, without the slightest idea of the difference between the Grand and the Diamonds, past a line of house-boats and launches, stretching from end to end of the course, except where Fate, as exemplified by the Thames Conservancy, has forbidden them to moor.

On the Berks side also, close to the winning post, were the grand stand, crammed to overflowing, a huge crowd of enthusiasts on the towpath, the clubland promenade and lawn full, and the Grosvenor with its complement of guests. The



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

A HENLEY CROWD.

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course has been cleared, by much energetic work, by numerous Conservancy officers, and the apparently impossible has been accomplished by the forcing back behind the two lines of piles of the craft which cover the river. Two eights have dashed past amid the enthusiastic plaudits of thousands of spectators—sounds which must make even the most modest veteran wish that he could fight out his old battles again before such an assembly as graces a modern Henley. C. E. T.

## THE FAVOURITE FOR THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

THE accompanying illustration of the Prince of Wales's great horse Persimmon was taken in the autumn of the horse's three year old season, subsequent to his victory in the Jockey Club Stakes at the Newmarket First October Meeting last year. It is a remarkably good likeness of the colt, though, taken as it was at a time when his winter coat was long and strong, it hardly gives a good idea of the sleek summer appearance that the horse presented at the times of his Derby and Ascot Cup victories. It is the only photographic portrait in existence—other than snap-shots—of the Derby winner of 1896 with John Watts—who has been in the saddle on each occasion that Persimmon has appeared on a racecourse—in the Royal colours. It was specially taken to the order of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by the photographic artist of COUNTRY LIFE.

Persimmon, by St. Simon—Perdita II., had up to the date of the Sandown Eclipse Stakes, decided this week, which will be run after these lines are in print, appeared in all eight times

in public during the three seasons that he has been racing. The son of St. Simon has won six out of his eight races, and it is noteworthy that he has never been beaten by any horse except his half-brother—St. Frusquin.

It may be interesting to recapitulate his performances: Bred by his owner, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Persimmon—who is trained by R. Marsh at Newmarket—made his first appearance in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot as a two year old. Starting favourite, he won his race in smart style from Meli Melo, whom he defeated by three lengths, with Dynamo third, Gulistan fourth, and four others making up the field. On the occasion of his next appearance—in the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood—odds of 2 to 1 were betted on him against four opponents, and he easily landed them by a length from Champfleure, the other competitors being His Reverence, who was third, Spook, and Devoue. The colt's third appearance was in the Middle Park Plate, but, though his well-earned reputation established him favourite for the race, he was beaten





PERSIMMON.

Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

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into third place by St. Frusquin and Omladina, the former securing the verdict by half a length. This was the last race of the son of St. Simon as a two year old. He next came out for the Derby in 1896, when he upset by a neck the odds betted on St. Frusquin, the pair running a most exciting finish home. At the Newmarket First July Meeting the pair of half-brothers met again in the valuable Princess of Wales's Stakes, when, giving 3lb. to St. Frusquin, the Prince's colt went down by half a length. His next appearance was in the St. Leger, which he

won by a length and a half from Labrador, the odds betted on him being 11 to 2. His last appearance was in the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket First October, and he again had an easy task here to win the last of the "ten thousand pounders" of the season, by two lengths from Sir Visto, with Laveno third, and seven others completing the field. He reappeared this season in the Ascot Gold Cup, for which he underwent a special preparation, and, as will be fresh in the memory of racing men, made hacks of his opponents, Winkfield's Pride, Love Wisely, and Limasol.

## BEHIND THE DITCH.

IT seemed odd to see a meeting at Newmarket inaugurated with three selling races, as was the case at the First July. These were the Trial Plate won by Glaring, a Maiden Plate which went to Torre e Espada, and a Selling Plate for two year olds, in which Lapwing II. just beat the Beenham bred filly by Chittabab—Woodroof. These three winners subsequently fetched 670 guineas (Mr. J. A. Miller), 530 guineas (bought in), and 200 guineas (Mr. R. Peck). The Prince of Wales's Mousme won the July Stakes easily enough from three moderate opponents, and although she will win plenty of races, in her own class, I am afraid that will never be a very high one—at least that is my opinion, based on the running of Perthshire and Orzil.

The second day's racing may have been an improvement upon that of the day before, but it was by no means up to proper Newmarket form. Backers again had a bad time of it, as the only two good things that came off, during the afternoon, started at the very unremunerative prices of 100 to 8, and 5 to 2, on. The



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SADDLING A FAVOURITE. Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

WATCHING A FINISH.

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Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

IN THE RESERVED ENCLOSURE.

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first of these was the Exeter Stakes for two year olds, in which only Pheon and Palinurus had the courage to oppose the Woodcote and Coventry Stakes winner, Orzil. He is a really good-looking colt, with tremendous reach, and one of the best goers I ever saw, and I should expect him to turn out nearly, if not quite, the best of an exceptionally good year, if it were not for his temperament, and his breeding on his dam's side. Sir John Blundell Maple took the Stud Produce Stakes with his chestnut filly Royal Footstep, who is by Royal Hampton—Lightfoot, and therefore own sister to the well-bred, but disappointing, Royal Footman. These two are bred on the same lines as Ladas, being by a son of Hampton, and their grandam being a daughter of Paraffin; so that Royal Footstep should make a valuable brood mare.

After Lucknow's forward running in the New Stakes at Ascot, he looked a real good thing for the Plantation Stakes, for which the odds of 5 to 2 were accordingly laid on him, and he won in a canter by two lengths. Wild Fowler was reported to be 7lb. better than The Bittern at home, but as is generally the case under similar circumstances, he had nothing to do with the finish. At the same time he is a very nice colt, by Gallinule—Tragedy, that is not nearly at his best yet, and ought to make plenty of improvement. The winner is by the well-bred, and once very speedy, St. Angelo, a horse I have always thought sure to make a big name at the stud.



Stream of Gold, who finished second, is also by Captain Greville's promising young horse, who is by Galopin, out of Agneta, by Macaroni, her dam Fair Agnes by Dollar, and whose yearlings ought to sell well this year.

With the exception of the Princess of Wales's Stakes, which event was fully discussed in these columns last week, the remainder of the week's racing was very poor, being principally

of the selling plate and welter handicap order. A noticeable feature of the week was the success of American bred animals. Among the two year olds, Captain Baird's stable furnished another winner in Orviepano, a bay son of Orvieto, from Queen of the Spring. He is a colt of commanding frame, with good bone, and a well-shaped one to boot. From the style in which he won his race he looks like making a stayer.

## CRICKET; OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE AT LORD'S.

IT is the custom of many sporting centres in the country to hold during the season a cricket festival known as "the cricket week." From causes which need not be particularised, by the crowding into one week of the 'Varsities' and Eton and Harrow matches London has had a fashionable cricket week of the very first rank. The two contests invariably bring the cream of London Society to Lord's, not, perhaps, always the same sets, but still these two classic matches are the occasions on which the seal of aristocratic approval is set upon the national game. A philosophic looker on might perchance be inclined to divide the crowd into three classes: The cricket enthusiasts for whom the match, as a social function, has few attractions—a very small minority these; those who desire to watch the cricket, and at the same time to meet many friends old and new, who form by far the largest portion of those present, as it includes so many country parsons; and a third division, those who regard the match simply and solely as a delightful opportunity for a picnic, as a charming incident in the "summer of roses and wine," and who would probably tell you

that the whole affair would be so much better without that "stupid" cricket. But no one would wish this third division away. It consists almost entirely of the fair sex, whose charming toilettes and still more charming faces give a beauty and grace to the scene, and are more particularly seen to advantage when promenading the ground during the luncheon hour and between the innings.

On the first day, at the start, the attendance was hardly so large as usual. But as the morning wore on the numbers increased, and by luncheon time there were quite as many present as in most recent years.

From the trial matches which had taken place it was the general opinion that Cambridge were the better team, so that they occupied the position of popular favourites in the sense of probable winners; and when it was known that Druce, the Light Blue captain, had won the toss and that Cambridge would take the first innings, their chances of proving victorious were considerably increased. The wicket was certainly a fast one, but the scoring was poor.

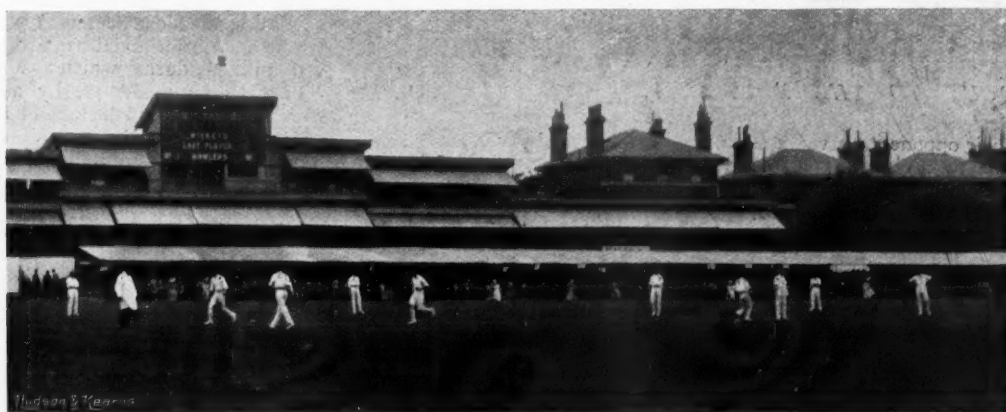
Over-anxiety was in most instances the cause of the batsmen failing to do themselves justice. Burnup, for instance, the "double blue," the captain of the Cambridge football team and International player, succumbed in the first over. He chopped a ball on to his wicket, and amid the loud cheers of Oxford's partisans,



Photo, by C. Hussey.

AMONG THE SPECTATORS.

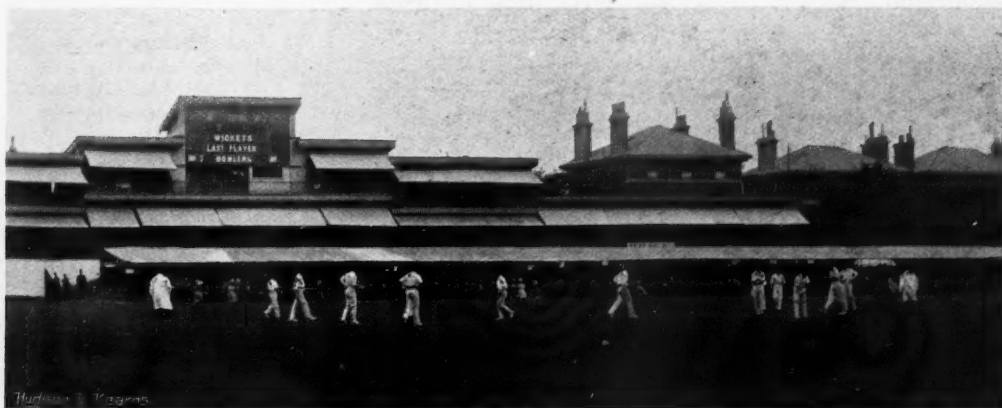
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THE FIRST RUN.

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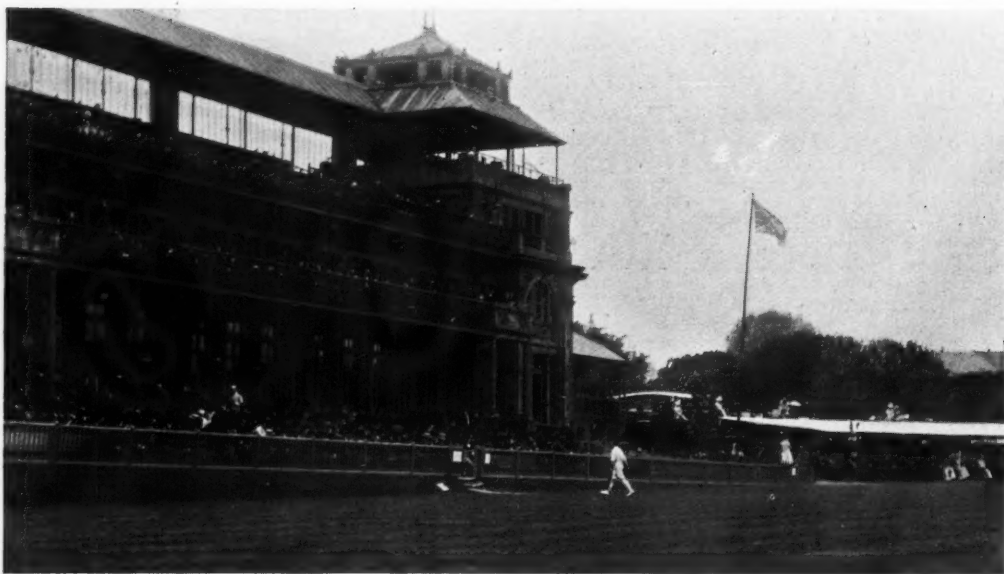
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THE FIRST WICKET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

retired with an unenviable "duck," amply avenged, however, in the second venture with a score of 58, made at a time when runs were a good deal wanted. Druce with 41, Wilson 19, Stogdon 20, and Shine 18, were the other principal scorers on the side, but mention should also be made of "Mr. Extras," whose contribution of 17 was of great value to the side, as can be understood when the total of the innings only amounted to 156.

Strangely enough Champain, one of the best of the Oxford bats, who made later in the week a fine score for the Gentlemen against the Players, followed, on the opposite side, Burnup's undesirable example, and was dismissed for a "duck." Foster with a well-played 27, Bardswell with 35, Hartley 27, and Cunliffe 24—the two latter putting quite a different face on the game when matters looked almost as dark blue for the Oxonians as their caps—with 13 extras, were the principal scorers on the side. The innings eventually closed for 162—six runs in advance of their rivals. On the commencement



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## A RETURN TO THE PAVILION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and these two, playing steady cricket, were not separated until Marriott had made 50, when he was easily caught at mid-off. To the consternation of Cambridge, and consequently the

enthusiastic delight of the supporters of Oxford, Druce followed his example, and was dismissed without adding to the total. Though an old hand, Druce may have been nervous, but if that was so the same fault could not well be laid to the charge of his successor. Jessop showed no lack of confidence, and treated the spectators to about as lively a quarter of an hour's cricket as has ever been seen at Lord's. From the first six balls he received he made 21, five fours and a single. The very first ball he drove on to the pavilion wall with tremendous force. He was only in for about a quarter of an hour, during which space of time he made 42, by an exhibition of hard hitting of a

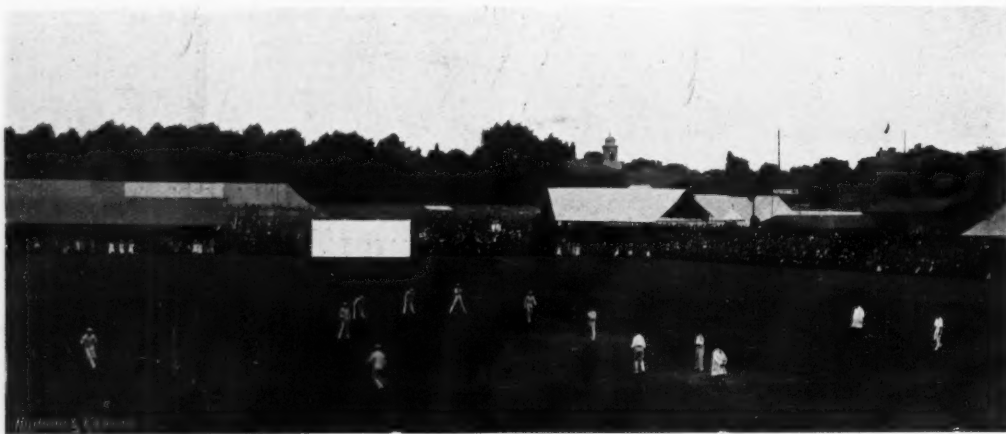


Photo. by C. Hussey.

## A CUT TO THE BOUNDARY.

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of the Cambridge second innings their opponents gave six extras, including four no balls, out of the first eight runs. At 11 Mitchell was caught in the slips. Marriott then joined Burnup,

kind worthy of Thornton in his hardest hitting days, or Bonner, the Australian, at his best. Cricket purists may sneer and tell us that sloggish is not "the game," and it may also be stigmatised as

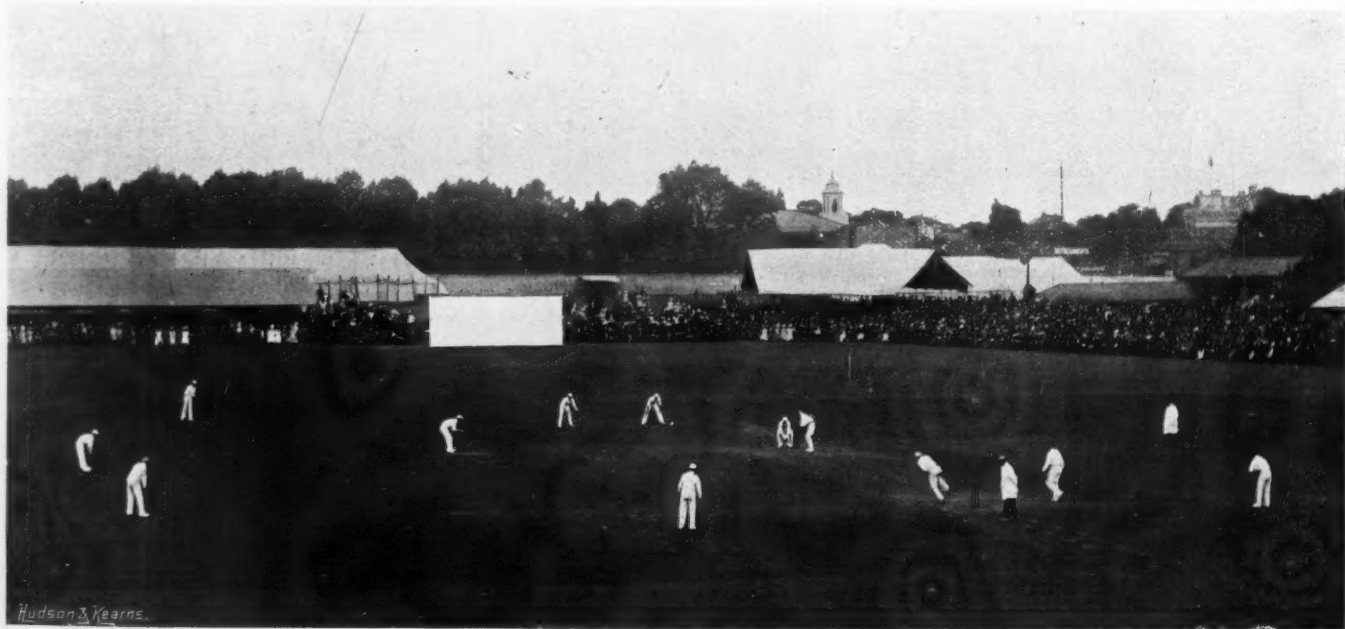


Photo. by C. Hussey.

## BOWLING FOR CATCHES.

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"playing to the gallery," or, perhaps, having regard to the audience on this occasion, it might be more correct to say "the stalls," but a Lord's or Oval crowd dearly loves the sight of a hard, clean hitter letting the bowling have it all round. More especially is this the case with the ladies, who, perhaps, do not appreciate the virtue of playing with a straight bat or value the deft skill which, with a smart turn of the wrist, "places" the ball between third man and cover-point, but they do appreciate the physical power and confidence displayed in a succession of drives to the boundary.

Burnup 58, Marriott 50, Wilson 77, Jessop 42, De Zoete 29, Shine 45, and—not to forget—extras 32, were the principal contributors to a total of 336. Oxford, with 331 to make to win, collapsed in an unfortunate and what to most people was an altogether unaccountable manner. The wicket was certainly not good, and a heavy shower of rain that fell

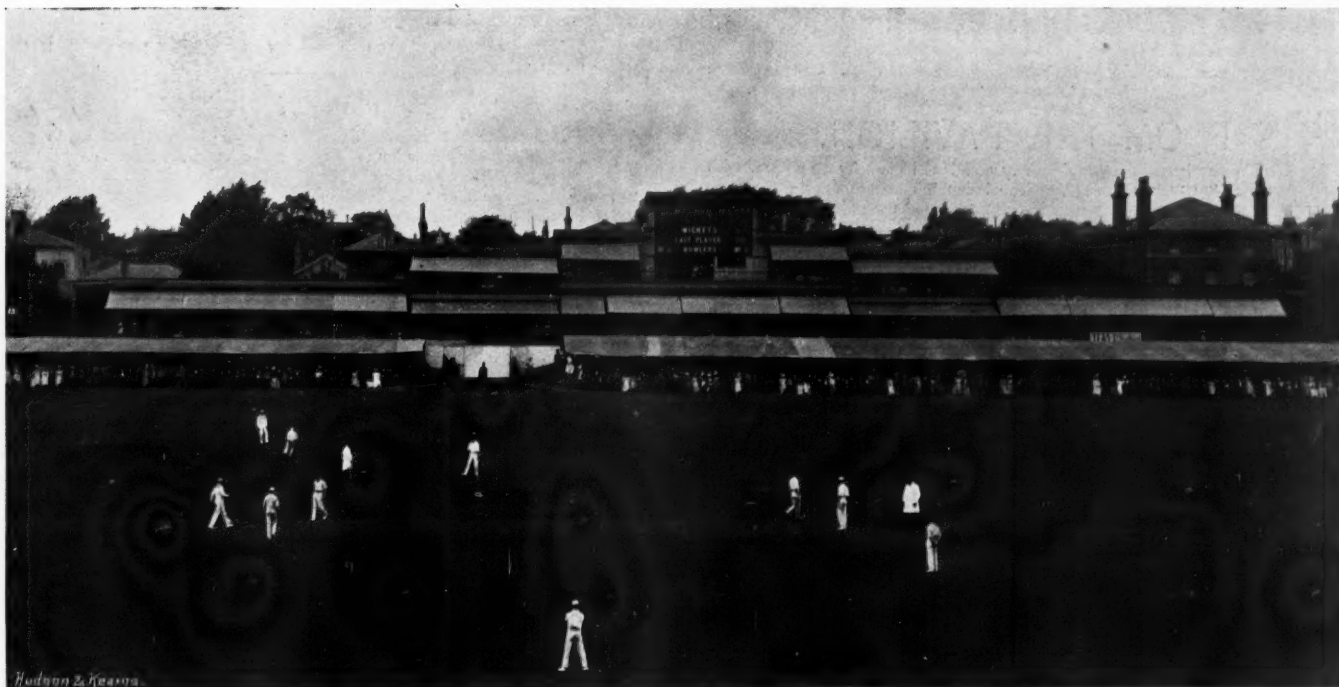


Photo, by C. Hussey.

## STOPPING A SHOOTER.

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in the very early hours of the morning may have had more to do with this state of matters than is generally known. But whatever the cause, the breakdown was notable and complete. The side were all dismissed for the poor total of 151, to which Fane with 18, Eccles 12, Bardswell 30, Cunliffe 14, and extras 25, made the best contributions, Cambridge thus winning the match by 179 runs.



Photo, by C. Hussey.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

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## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BRITISH writers are notoriously not expert in the production of the *conte*, or short story, in which French writers excel. It is, therefore, with all the more pleasure that we record our high appreciation of Miss Arabella Kenealy's latest work, "Belinda's Beaux and Other Stories," which reaches us from Messrs. Bliss Sands and Co. The stories and sketches are divided under four heads as Frivolities, Sentimentalities, Curiosities, and Probabilities, and there are fourteen of them in all. Of these some, notably that which gives the collection its title, are of a very high order of merit. "Belinda's Beaux," indeed, has all the daintiness and whimsicality which are characteristic of the work of Mr. "Anthony Hope," and shows a closer appreciation of women's nature than his sex permits him to attain. The underlying idea is delicious. Two young men, whom any girl might be proud of, are in love with Belinda, and Belinda is charming. She treats them both alike. She cannot decide for the life of her which has won her heart. She cannot face them to say good-bye for fear she should kiss them both before the butler, and her uncle, half perplexed, half amused by the humour of the situation, places the whole matter before the suitors, and it is arranged that she—with the uncle, of course—shall visit each of them for a week with the view of making up her mind. Lover the second has all the luck, for a railway accident, which causes his country house to be transformed into a hospital, coincides with Belinda's visit to him, and the true woman's heart in her is revealed at once. Such a statement as this, necessarily bald, can convey no idea of the inherent fascination of the story, which consists not only in humorous conception of circumstances, but also in the most delicate and pungent dialogue. Next to this do we place the "Heart of Things," which shows how a feminine B.A. of London may have a heart, and "Dexter Bachelor," which is a most ingenious and delightful plea in defence of lady doctors. A series of seven stories is introduced under the heading "Some Experiences of Lord Syfret," and these are all of

striking merit, save, perhaps, that entitled "A Beautiful Vampire." Of the two pieces entitled "Probabilities" we find ourselves unable to speak with commendation. They are tracts, so to speak, dealing with ghastly subjects, and endeavouring to emphasise the horrors of vivisection and the necessity of resisting the cold-blooded tendencies of science. They remind us in one and the same breath of the tirades of the anti-Pasteurists and the grim descriptions of Edgar Allan Poe. On vivisection and like matters this is hardly the place to speak, but from the literary point of view these last stories are so unpleasant that the book would be none the worse, but rather the better, if it were curtailed by fifty pages.

Some exceedingly interesting books are forthcoming. We are, for example, in the climax of the cricket fever; and the mark of it is Prince Ranjitsinhji's book, of which the Queen has accepted the dedication. Again, few readers of COUNTRY LIFE will learn without interest that Messrs. Sotheman will publish almost at once Mr. J. G. Millais's book on "British Deer and Their Horns," for Mr. Millais is a writer of high quality, and he has devoted an immense amount of care to the subject. Moreover, the volume will contain reproductions of unpublished drawings by the great Sir Edwin Landseer.

Books to order from the library:—

- "With the Turkish Army in Thessaly." By Clive Bigham. (Macmillan.)
- "Castilian Days," "Poems," etc. By John Hay. (Lane.)
- "Social England." Vol. VI. Edited by H. D. Traill. (Cassell.)
- "Takisaxa." By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.)
- "The Cub in Love." By Warren Bell. (Richards.)
- "A Man's Undoing." By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. (White.)
- "Father Hilarion." By Miss Douglas King.

## RACING NOTES.

IT is doubtful if there was ever so good a meeting at Lingfield, either as regards attendance or sport, as that which brought last week's racing to a conclusion. The most interesting event of the meeting, the Lingfield Summer Handicap, on the second day, was somewhat spoilt, it is true, when Knight of the Thistle was sent home on account of hard ground. Amphora was left to do battle for the stable, and started second in demand, but she was a very inefficient substitute for the Hunt Cup winner, who could hardly have failed to take this event had he gone to the post. In his absence it looked just as good a thing for Sandia, especially over the easy Lingfield mile, and, with odds of 6 to 4 laid on him, he won easily from the moderate Thurling, with Miss Fraser, who has not won a race this season, third.

On the first day the Great Foal Plate, for which neither of Mr. Brassey's pair, Orzil or Paladore, put in an appearance, produced a good race between Orviepano, who beat a big field for the Princess Cup at Newmarket, and the filly by Saraland out of Lady Heron. Of these two, the latter stayed the longest, and got home first by a neck, though as The Bittern, giving them both 14lb., was third, the form cannot have been anything wonderful.

Spook followed up his Manchester victory by winning the Open Welter Handicap easily in the hands of Mr. Lushington, and with 12st. 7lb. in the saddle. This son of Oberon is evidently a rare weight carrier, and his jockey was riding in great form during the week. Going back to the second day, the three year old Royal Footman at last won a race for Sir John Blundell Maple, when he beat the favourite, Vigo, and three others in the Imberhorne Plate. He is a beautifully bred colt, by Royal Hampton out of Lightfoot, by Muncaster, her dam Footlight, by Cremorne—Paraffin, by Blair Athol, and, therefore, own brother to that useful two year old Royal Footstep, and although he has always seemed to be a helpless sort of brute up to now, he may, perhaps, make a useful horse after all.

There will be good racing at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday next, on the first of which days Persimmon cannot help winning the Eclipse Stakes, and the Great Kingston Two Year Old Race will lie between Chon Kina (9st. 7lb.) and Rhoda B (9st. 2lb.). On Saturday Cyllene will win the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, and Merman may take the Royal Handicap if he runs.

OUTPOST.

## FROM THE PAVILION.

LORD'S has been in a very severely social and picnicky condition, with the Varsity match and the School match coming both in the same week. Hitherto, we have been able to spread these dissipation over a little longer stretch of time, but this year all dissipation have been crowded together into single innings. The Varsity match, so far as the first innings of either side went, was a bowler's rather than a batsman's match—and that for no very apparent reason. The bowling on either side was above the average—that is to be granted; but so, too, was the batting, and perhaps for so good a Cambridge eleven we must go back to a famous year when there were two Lytteltons, a Studd, and Mr. A. G. Steel, the latter in his first—and possibly best—year, in the team together. The only exception to the bowlers' predominance was in the second innings of Cambridge, which practically settled the match. Mr. Burnup and Mr. Marriott started this second venture remarkably well, but its success was by no means assured until Mr. Jessop came to the rescue with his rattling, hard-hitting innings. The tail of the eleven backed him well, and when the rain came, and made the wicket troublesome for Oxford at their second attempt, the match was, humanly speaking, gained. In this splash of rain Cambridge had a little the best of the luck, but it is impossible to think, comparing the results of the Varsity' trial matches throughout the year, but that the better of two good sides won. The Cambridge captain, with his 41 in the first innings, showed the best batting that the match had to give, yet, even so, it may be said without flattery that he disappointed expectation. Of what things he is really capable he had shown, not only many times before, but also, most notably, has shown since, at the expense of the bowling of Liverpool and District, against whom he rattled up something getting on towards the second century in a very remarkably short space of time. After all, however, it is a question whether the highest individual honours of the match were not taken by one of the losing side—Mr. Cunliffe. His bowling, even when meeting with the most drastic treatment, always commanded respect, and no liberties were taken with it without risk.

Notts and Sussex had a very good fight at Hastings, but it was unfortunate that the executive should not have been able to put the elevens on a more perfect wicket. The dryness of the late weeks had been all against the best efforts of the best-intentioned green-keeper. Finally, after the match had promised a close finish, the home county's batting broke up rather badly against the visitors' bowling, and left the latter victors by a balance of about a century.

Gentlemen and Players at the Oval would have been more interesting if the former had had a more representative side. As it was, they did fully up to expectation in the batting of the first innings, Mr. Champain playing a fine 82, and Mr. Milligan and others also scoring well. But they failed altogether to get the Players out within reasonable limits of scoring, and were scarcely as successful in their second batting effort as in the first. Ultimately the Players won an easy victory by eight wickets, Richardson knocking up a merry twenty-seven. Wainwright's bowling was the success of the second innings. For the Gentlemen, Gloucestershire, in the persons of "W. G." and Mr. Townsend, did most of the bowling execution.

The Philadelphians won a good match against Warwickshire, the county, however, lacking the services of W. G. Quaife, who was making forty-four for the Players at the Oval.

LONG-SLIP.

## ON THE GREEN.

IT is cruel work just now on the hard-baked inland greens, but the four professionals that Lord Dudley and the executive of the Princes' Club got together at Mitcham showed good golf nevertheless. It was unfortunate that the attraction of the Oxford and Cambridge match, on its final day, kept away many who would have liked to be in both places—Lord's and Mitcham—at once. Andrew Kirkaldy was rather the hero of the several matches played, although he was beaten in a foursome in the evening. But who, in a foursome, does not ascribe to his partner any disaster that overtakes the combination? But he beat Braid, though the latter was driving Jehu-like, and has seemed almost invincible of late. The other two engaged in these

encounters were Taylor and White. Douglas Rolland has also been on the warpath again, but he is no longer the player he used to be. J. Rowe, of Forest Row, beat him rather badly on the Limsfield Chart course lately. Rolland is now engaged at the Hastings Club. There is much for the discussion of golfers in the comments on the rules of golf by the United States Golfing Association. Most of the comments are highly elucidatory, though one, at least, may be said rather to darken counsel than to illuminate; but the whole will make up a bulky volume, and a man with a "poor head for learning by heart," as a golfer said who played at Portrush, will need to carry the book about with him, or make his caddie carry it. And, *a propos* of Portrush, it will be sad news to many a golfer to hear of the death of Mr. W. H. Mann, which occurred at Belfast lately. He was one of the staunchest supporters of Irish golf in days before it had grown too strong to need support. Another notable golfer, one of the olden school and frequent medallist of the Royal and Ancient Club, that has been taken from us is Colonel Boothby, whom all golfers familiar with St. Andrews are bound to regret.

The Diamond Jubilee, amongst its other features, has produced a great crop of Jubilee cups, challenge and otherwise, so that the event shall live long in the minds of golfers. Already at St. Andrews we have the Jubilee Cup, now of ten years' standing, and it does not appear that the premier club has any intention of specially commemorating the Diamond Jubilee as well.

Mr. Hilton was in the field for the monthly medal, for July, of the Royal Liverpool Club, but his score of 82, good under the circumstances of a high wind and a long course, was not low enough to put him in any good place on the nett score list, though his gross score was the best returned by something like a stroke a hole. Mr. G. R. Cox, starting from scratch, was round in 89, tying for second place with Mr. H. E. B. Harrison; but the winner of the medal was Mr. H. A. Dods, with 90—4=86. Mr. Hilton's penalty of ten brought his nett return to 92. A very frequent player and winner on the Hoylake course, Mr. C. E. Dick, has gone to live at Troon, where he has lately been doing very excellent work, breaking the records twice over of no less a player than Willie Fernie. Neither does Mr. Hutchings' name appear at Hoylake since the Open Championship date. Mr. Hilton and Mr. Ball, with Mr. Graham, are having the best of the play to themselves, according to the recent reports.

## TOWN TOPICS.

THE fête given at Ranelagh to the Colonial troops turned out a very brilliant Society function, almost all London assembling in the lovely ground of the riverside club to watch the polo and criticise the driving competitions. The four-in-hand enclosure was filled with smart coaches, on which some of the prettiest of women were seated, enjoying the scene. Princess Henry of Pless was the liveliest of a very lively party, of whom her mother and sister were ornamental members. The young Duchess of Marlborough sat on the box seat of her husband's drag, and Lily, Duchess of Marlborough's, very becomingly dressed, walked about and talked with her friends, accompanied by her husband, Lord William Beresford. Lady Curzon, in bright blue, drove a coach-load of ladies down to the scene and gave them tea in a long pavilion. The Marchioness of Londonderry, in a very pretty and becoming dress, looked like the sister of her own daughter, Lady Helen Stewart, who was at her best in pale green and a large white hat. Lord Ava, quietly energetic, as is his wont, conducted proceedings with his usual tact. The Colonials were well entertained in a tent set apart for their special use. They kept together in its vicinity, for the most part, and contributed a highly picturesque element to the scene. Polo interested them more than the driving. The ladies present were all delighted with the beautiful little team of ponies—miniature cobs they seemed—driven by the Earl of Shrewsbury. Lord Charles Beresford was among those who wore the brown coat and brass buttons of the Coaching Club. Major Willie Walker's driving was much admired. The management has had a highly successful season.

The score or so of fashionably-dressed women who invaded the barriers of the royal tent at the Chelsea Hospital, throwing down the supports and trampling on the rope, succeeded in getting a superlatively excellent view of the Royalties. They were equally successful in disappointing some thousands of simple folk, including sons and daughters of soldiers and sailors, who have not often opportunities of seeing Princes and Princesses, and for whom every possible provision had been made by Colonel Gidea. It was he who organised this entirely successful and unique occasion, which seemed as productive of pleasure to the numerous Royalties present as it was to the old soldiers and sailors and their wives. It was probably the only function ever originated by a private individual at which so many members of our Royal Family attended. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg was as deeply interested in the veterans as the Princess of Wales herself, and not a single man of the whole 400 was passed over without a kindly word or two by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Cambridge.

Those who feared that the opera season would lose in brilliancy owing to the loss of Sir Augustus Harris have had their anticipations pleasantly disappointed. Covent Garden has been filled, night after night, with a fashionable audience, among whom shone many a star of the highest social magnitude. The Princess of Wales and her daughters, all of them devoted lovers of music, have been constantly present, and Lady de Grey has hardly been once absent. On Monday night (12th inst.) the price of the orchestra stalls was raised to 25s. each, as on the "Romeo et Juliette" night. The Royal ladies evidently appreciated the music of "Der Evangelist," for they were present on both nights when it was performed, and on the second occasion the Prince was present with them.

Educational conferences are usually accepted as being the very dullest of all existing dull entertainments, but it is doubtful whether any gathering of educationalists has ever succeeded in producing anything more dreary and uninteresting than the opening of the Educational Conference at the Victorian Era Exhibition on Monday last. The meeting was held in the Empress Theatre, and the audience consisted of about 200 people, who seemed quite lost in the vast building. Lord Loch was in the chair, and introduced the speakers whose names were entered on the programmes to read papers on education in the Colonies; but, unfortunately, the Marquis of Lorne, who was the first of these, had not written a paper, and had very few details to give to the audience. One fact, however, appeared to interest them, for, in speaking of a library which had been burnt down, he stated that in three months it was replaced by "a volume of 30,000 libraries." Many of the other speakers were unfortunately absent, possibly because they felt they had no such startling information to give the public.



# Notes from my Diary

by *Mane Sans-Gêne*

**SATURDAY:** Despite being up to the eyes in wedding preparations, I found time to make my accustomed pilgrimages to Lord's on the second day of the Oxford and Cambridge match, and also on the first day of the Eton and Harrow. How much more tolerable these functions at Lord's would be without the cricket. It seems such a pity to waste that beautiful green lawn, which it would be so much more pleasing to promenade over all the afternoon than to watch what is always to me such an altogether incomprehensible performance. It would be a happy idea if the position of affairs next year could be reversed—that the company could promenade over the ground all the afternoon, and that the match should be played between two and three o'clock. This might not altogether satisfy the cricket enthusiasts, but I am sure it would be a far more satisfactory arrangement to nine-tenths of the people who

were present at Lord's this year than the existing one of watching cricket all day, and only now and then getting a chance to show off their fine feathers.

**MONDAY:** The spirit of matrimony pervades the air. There is no subject discussed except Nellie's trousseau; but four days more and I shall be accompanying her, labelled "the blushing bride," to the altar. Her travelling costume is distinctly elegant, and she flatters herself it will be quite unremarkable. It is of blue serge with gold buttons, a red and white striped pouched waistcoat, a white muslin shirt, and a hat made of dark red chiffon, with a couple of black ostrich feathers arranged to lie on the hair at one side. It is not in the least like the ordinary travelling gown of the ordinary bride, but brides will "out" somehow, and I am convinced they never really escape recognition. No matter how old may be their trunks and how unobtrusive their frocks, they have an obvious air unmistakable. Nellie has a teagown in her trousseau, of which I should like the reversion. It is made of Oriental satin in cream tone, sun-kilted from just below the bust, with the top portion formed of a fichu of lace, long hanging lace sleeves, and undersleeves of gathered ivory chiffon. If she does not feel it her duty to present it to me I shall borrow it for a pattern. The style would look equally well in satin if coloured, and might then stand the test of wear. She has a lovely opera cloak made of Russian net, with a heavy design of jet sequins upon it. This is lined and frilled with cream-coloured glacé, and has a mass of tulle and jetted net round the throat. It is just the sort of cape to put on in the evenings abroad; and these enthusiastic young persons are to wind up their honeymoon at Ostend. As an abrupt contrast to the solitude of the Midlands, where they start their travels, no better place could have been selected, and I think I shall join them there. By that time at least Nellie will have had a chance of getting tired of some of her best clothes, and I may be able to purchase the reversions cheap. Writing the word cheap reminds me of the sale at Penberthy's, 390, Oxford Street. This deserves to be mentioned in most enthusiastic terms—it commenced on the 12th July, and continues for ten days. It includes some silk grass lawn fronts of different colours and designs, with linen collars and cuffs, at a price of 12s. 6d., which are pre-eminently desirable, also some striped silk cycling shirts are amongst the opportunities not to be missed, at a price of 14s. 6d. The pure silk stockings are irresistible at 4s. 11d. a pair, and there are some long gloves of best Paris suede for evening in all colours, at a price of 2s. 11d., which should certainly be numbered amongst the possessions of the wise. Also the best quality of veiling should be interviewed at reduced prices, and the woman is unworthy indeed who cannot understand the charms of tailor-made cambric shirts at 2s. 11d. each.

**WEDNESDAY:** I have fled the house—I really cannot consent to be in the background any longer. I am tired of playing that musical instrument commonly described as the second fiddle, so I went down early this morning to spend the day with Essie at Windsor. It was a veritable case of out of the frying-pan into the fire, for I found her debating on her costume for to-morrow's wedding, and plying me with questions as to every detail of Nellie's frocks. However, I did persuade her to cease prattling about clothes for a little while and take me out for a bicycle ride. The surrounding country being exceedingly hilly, we took most of our bicycle ride on foot. My new homespun skirt is a great success, though it looks much cooler and lighter than it is. A bicycling skirt which has no weight is a mistake in practice. Linen bicycling skirts are a horrible failure. I met two girls to-day with their skirts blowing up to their knees. The skirts were made of white linen, and no doubt they looked very charming when in the folds the dressmakers had designed for them, but the slightest wind induces them to set out aggressively, and, however smart may be the black silk stockings and the white silk knickerbockers, a portion of these had best be left to the imagination.

Essie is hankering after a journey to Homburg. She had a letter to-day from one of her friends who is there, assuring her that it is to be the gayest season ever known, mentioning in parenthesis that it is exceedingly dull at the moment, and



CANVAS DRESS WITH MUSLIN FICHU

imploring her to come and join her in the revels which are to be. The only well-dressed woman this fair correspondent of Essie's has seen, is wearing red—a dark red dress with a red shirt of a lighter shade, crowned with a red hat. She also tells a tale of a charming frock of black crêpe de chine with a bodice trimmed with a large collar, with broad stripes of white Irish lace, and a belt of pale blue, and this is crowned with a black chip hat lined with white chip, with seven black feathers at one side. Black chip hats are to be very much worn. I know that, and I have not been to Homburg to secure the information, but it is ever thus in the late summer. When we have exhausted the charms of many coloured flowers and gaily hued straws we invariably recognise the advantages of the more sober, and the light-coloured summer dresses look quite delightful when crowned with black hats, pale grey or pale pink frocks being most successfully worn with these. Have I not bought a black chip hat for to-morrow's wedding! I came back from Windsor after dinner and escaped the bride, who is so tedious in her "bridality," and sought my own room in isolation; but there she is knocking at the door—happily she is not the younger generation, so her advent does not distress me to tragedy.

THURSDAY: The day dawned—I knew it would if we only waited long enough—and Nellie's air of *sangfroid* was most praiseworthy. She really looked beautiful in her chiffon dress with its lace train, and a lace veil coming from a coronal of orange

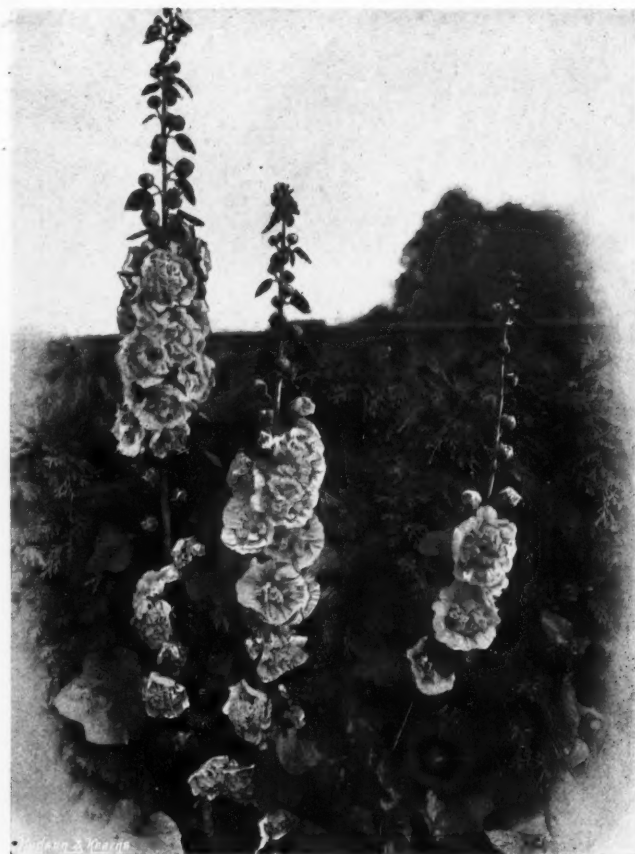


A RICE STRAW HAT, TRIMMED GRENADINE AND ROSES.

blossoms. Tom had the grace to give her a rope of pearls this morning, and what is more important, he had the money. Several people have such grace, few have such means. These were the only ornaments she wore—such lovely pearls, fastening once round the neck and then hanging to the waist. After all perhaps Nellie was right to get married. The best dressed woman in the church was undoubtedly my mother; in white silk with black Chantilly lace she looked splendid. I must recommend the costume to all mothers of brides—it will be a pleasing change from the everlasting silver grey in which they feel it their duty to honour the loss of their treasured daughters. Essie wore a black and white striped silk skirt and a bodice of white chiffon and black lace, with a white and black toque with a bunch of pale blue ostrich feathers at one side. There were no bridesmaids, but two sweet pages in black velvet Court costumes with steel buttons. I liked the look of them, for they were very pretty boys, and their mothers had pulled up their stockings so beautifully.

And now I am so tired I cannot write any more about weddings. Nellie and Tom were very cheerful, and Tom thought himself a Machiavelli at least when he explained to me that he had arranged to get out of the rice-laden brougham at the corner of the street and get into a common hansom. How many hundreds of bridegrooms have projected this wonderful programme and imagined themselves the originators of the idea.

## IN THE GARDEN.



Photo, F.M. Good, A GROUP OF DOUBLE HOLLYHOCKS.

Winchfield.

### THE HOLLYHOCK.

THE illustration this week is of a group of double Hollyhocks, which are approaching full beauty in southern gardens. Such illustrations as that given show how thoroughly the plant has recovered from disease which at one period threatened to extinguish it. Lovers of beautiful hardy flowers rejoice in the restoration to health of a picturesque perennial. To many an English garden the Hollyhock gives an old-world aspect; it never seems out of place, whether tapping against a cottage fence, or sending up its stately spikes in a lordly mixed border.

### TO GROW FINE HOLLYHOCKS

good culture is essential, and by this is meant a rich soil in the first place, with abundant waterings during a dry spring and summer. During the winter many plants suffer, not from frost, but wet, in severe weather dying wholesale. On that account it is wise to raise seed annually, and seedlings are less subject to disease than plants propagated from cuttings. The disease is a fungoid growth, and, if virulent, destroy the affected plants. Those slightly touched should be syringed freely with soapy water mixed with flowers of sulphur. If applied whilst the plants are young, the disease will probably vanish.

### GYPSOPHILA ELEGANS.

This dainty annual flower is far less known than *G. paniculata*—the misty cloud of white blossom sold largely in the London streets in summer. *G. elegans* flowers before *G. paniculata*, and is so readily raised from seed that one may sow freely with little fear of failure. The writer was charmed lately with a group of it in a Kentish garden, the slender stems spreading out on all sides and studded with thousands of white flowers delicately veined with pale lilac. The seed of the group under notice was sown on April 14th last, and for some time past it has been in flower. The *Gypsophilas* are an airy, graceful race, like white veils covering the earth surface, and may be used in countless ways for indoor decorations. The misty spread of bloom will soften the harshest associations of colour. They may be used also as a groundwork to beds filled with other things, such as Gladioli and Lilies.

### CENOTHERA FRASERI.

As gay as any flower in the garden at the present time is this Evening Primrose. It should be in every garden, large and small, and allowed to fall over upon the walk or border margin. Its slender stems are not pretty when bunched up, but seem to enjoy resting their burden of rich yellow flowers upon the surface of bed or border. It continues in bloom many weeks.

### PHACELIA CAMPANULARIA.

As blue as the Gentian that dyes alpine mountain meadows is this annual. It is happiest on a warm, dry soil, the leafage rather scanty, but the flowers are bold and intense in colour. The growth is dwarf, and the plant is therefore available to cover the surface of beds filled with taller things, such as Spanish Irises. Few flowers, especially annuals, are so rich in colour as this *Phacelia*, and readers should note it for sowing next spring. There is no trouble with it, but warmth it must have.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—With a view to assist our readers in gardening as much as possible, we shall be pleased to answer any questions on flowers, fruits, vegetables, or the laying out of gardens, addressed to the Editor. An addressed stamped envelope must be enclosed for reply.